

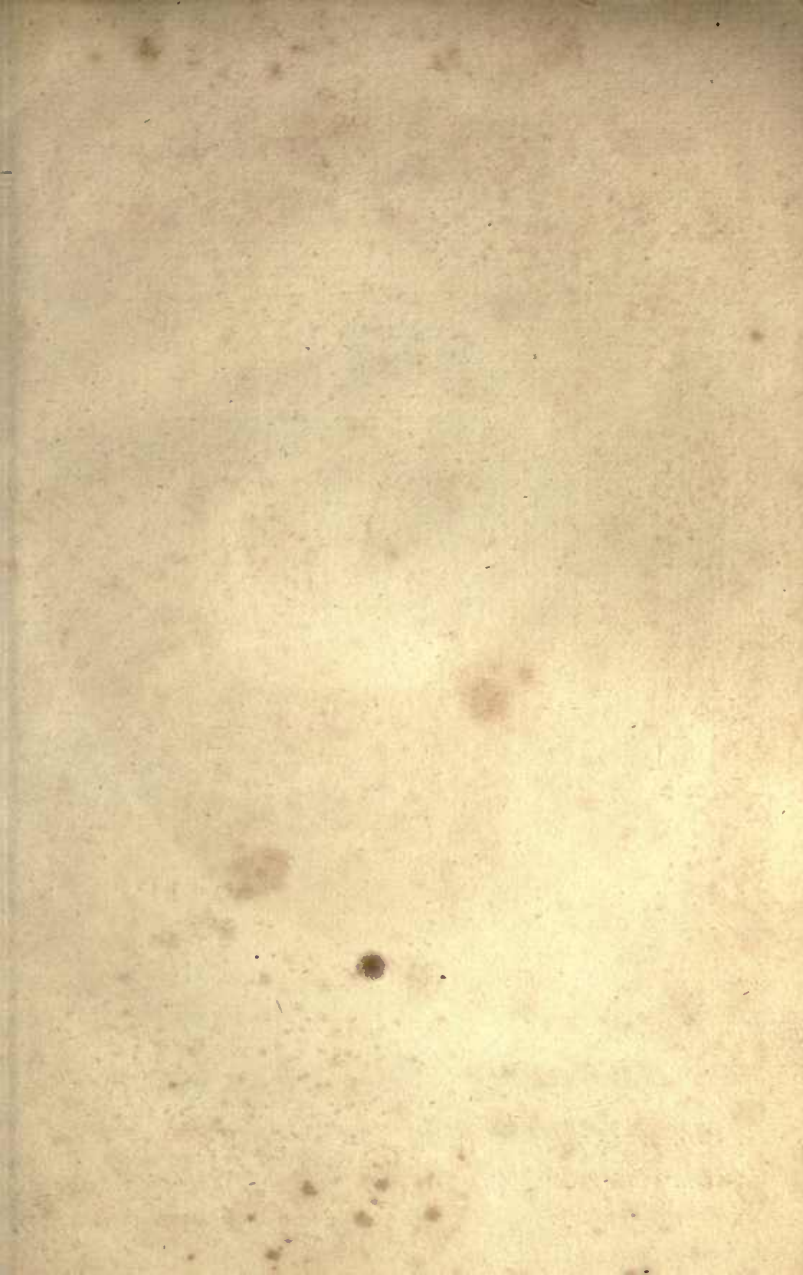
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ADOLPHUS MEKERCHUS.

ΕΧΘΡΟΙΣΙ ΦΙΛΟΙΣΙ Τ' ΑΔΕΛΦΟΙΣ.

*Nullum majus felicitatis Specimen arbitror,
quam semper omnes Scire, qualis fuerit aliquis.*

Plin. H.N. 35.11.

METRONARISTON:

OR

A NEW PLEASURE RECOMMENDED,

IN A

DISSERTATION

UPON A PART OF

GREEK AND LATIN PROSODY.

*Tollite barbarum
Morem perpetuum; dulcia barbarè
Ludentem METRA, quæ Venus
Quinta parte sui NeÆaris imbuat.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON,
No. 72, St. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1797.

[Price Three Shillings, Sewed.]

Nobis, qui Ratione vincimus, frustra Consuetudo objicitur;
quasi CONSUETUDO major sit VERITATE!

S. Augustin. apud Mekerchum.

Non recuso humilis, abjectus, et inglorius haberi, modò publicè
prosim. Mekerchus.

Quid tam temerarium, tamque indignum Sapientis gravitate
atque constantia, quàm aut falsum sentire; aut quod non satis
perceptum sit et cognitum, sine ulla dubitatione defendere.

Cicero de Nat. D. i. 1.

Sed nescio quomodo, plerique errare malunt, eamque sententiam
quam adamaverint, pugnacissimè defendere, quàm sine pertinacia,
quid constantissimè dicatur exquirere.

Acad. Quæst. 1. 4.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON,
No. 7, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

[1792, 1793, 1794, 1795]

DEDICATION.

TO

JACOB BRYANT, ESQ.

SIR,

A STRANGER to your person, but an admirer of your character, who esteems you as worthily presiding over the literature of his country, is irresistibly prompted to take the liberty, with which he flatters himself you will not be offended, of dedicating to you the following Dissertation upon a part of Prosody: not as a present worthy of your acceptance; for you must have learned to value things as well as men for what they are in themselves; besides, that—treated as the subject is, in the manner which appeared to him the most promising to make it useful—it is rather calculated for a period of life of less dignity and authority than Yours. Still less does he dedicate it to you as an object of your protection

a 2

—though

—though to You it owes its existence and appearance in the world—for to itself it must owe, or be without protection. He hopes that he shall never be brought to that abjectness, which he sees with sorrow in much abler writers, whose poverty, but not their will, consents to their so degrading Letters, as to hold out ideas of a power, more than human, to protect their lucubrations from critical attacks, in the covert attack which they make themselves, in the shape of a Dedication, upon the Patron's Purse. He has no such motive; but he dedicates this little work to you, Sir, as a proper expression of his Gratitude; since Gratitude gives propriety even to trivial Offerings, from the lowest—to The Highest Being.

He prays you then, Sir, to accept in good part, this expression of that Gratitude, upon which you have a threefold claim: for you have instructed him; you have animated him; and you have conferred on him another favour of a peculiar kind.

Yes, Sir; You have instructed, and very highly entertained and pleased him, by the great erudition and ingenuity with which you have demonstrated the falsehood of the generally-received opinion concerning the Siege of Troy, the Wisdom of Nestor, and Prowess of Achilles. He had cherished this story in his manhood, like other men, as in infancy, like other infants, he cherished the stories of his Nurse. But as he never was the intimate of Prejudice, having been used to better company—company, to which so much is owing in those mimics, men, in whom the Stagirite has told you, *το μιμεσθαι ἐκ παιδὸς συμψύχει ἐπὶ*—he felt no greater pang in parting with this illusion, than he had felt in discarding any other *illarum Aviarum quotidianarum*, which had each been the Mistress for its day. But thinking of the difficulty you perhaps may meet with, in eradicating such ideal forms from more tenacious breasts, he could not but smile, as to be sure you meant he should, at the kind and encouraging words with which, skilful and humane *Machaon* of the Mind, just before your instruments are produced, you soothe your "*Gentle Readers*," as skilful and humane Practitioners, in one of the noblest arts, are wont to soothe their

their Patients ; that they may sit quiet, and submit as becomes them to an operation, analogous, corporeally, to your mental extraction of a literary barbed arrow, feathered by the Muses, and shot from the bow of HOMER.

And yet, why it should not come *sequens manum, nullo cogente*, he cannot see : especially when you shew them beforehand the best remedy which the best judgement can apply ; by observing, that, “ The work itself will not be in the least affected. The character of the Poet, and the beauty of the Poem, will remain unimpeached. Their excellence can never be diminished.” But he wishes that the work and the character of the Poet *had* been affected. He wishes, that, instead of your not finding cause to give up that point of history, which relates, that a woman of Memphis had written an account of the Trojan war, and an *Odyssea*, of which a copy was procured by Homer, who thence composed his poems ; you had found ample proof that it ought to be given up : for, if without any assistance from a Memphian *Phantasia*, the intire fabrication of the beautiful fables, with all their particularities and sublimities, could be ascribed to the Homeric *Phantasia* only, a more essential additional lustre would be thence derived, to that fame which was before the brightest in the world ; a lustre superiour to the additional beauty that he is endeavouring in his combat with Barbarism, to have in this country conferred upon the melody of its Song ; which, not diverted from its natural flow, merely as to Quantity, will be found to be as much sweeter than honey, as the amiable garrulity it delights in of its Pylian Sage. Just as he wishes—and for a similar reason—that the Glory had been Yours alone, of discovering the important Truth you have with so much goodness given to the world, without its being to be shared with you, by any of the Lights of former times.

Of repaying you in kind for the instruction, Sir, with which you have enlightened him, how much soever he may wish for, or would be proud of, the ability, he must despair : and indeed, of its being to be done, even by those of much more Learning and Knowledge than he has been wise enough to acquire, he must doubt. As to the subject on which he writes, he takes it for granted, that, as another of the most accomplished Scholars of the present century, mentioned in
the

the third Chapter, when you came to be your own Teacher, you emancipated yourself from the system which still obtains in our places of education ; to the disgrace, he must, until he is shewn his errour, continue to think, of that Scholarship for which his Contemporaries are justly famed. “ Were any modern”—permit him with the change only of the name, to copy from the ninety-second page of your Dissertation, your most exactly suited words to his subject as well as to your own—“ *Were any modern*” system of pronunciation to be proposed, that should be “ *attended with the fiftieth part of the inconsistencies with which*” the system in practice—that may be called, from its most powerful supporter, the *Bentleian* system—“ *abounds, it would be set aside at once, and rejected with scorn.*” And if he has been enabled to set forth a preferable system, it is owing but to one of those chances, by which it has been sometimes seen, that—to use again your own words, in another work, but you must allow him in this instance to say, with more propriety than you have yourself applied them—“ *a feeble arm has effected what Prodigies in Science have overlooked.*”

With a mind so richly fraught with beautiful imagery and sententious wisdom of the ancient poets, applicable to every topic of conversation, it must be very natural and pleasing to you to apply their verses ; which you do, he supposes in consequence of that emancipation, in a manner by which none of their beauty or wisdom is impaired. But if he has mistaken in this point, and you continue to repeat them in the way you of course were taught at Eton, such perfect confidence has he in your Candour, as to be certain, that, if in recommending the doctrine of *Meckerhus*, as far as Quantity is concerned, he has said enough to convince you it is founded in Truth, you will be glad, even though the hour be late—since, like another *SOLON*,

Γηρασκεις αιει πολλα διδασκομενος

as well as διδασκων, honourably, graciously, *alieni appetens, tui profusus*—you will be glad to be set right from an errour of inadvertence, taken up at first from high authority, and strengthened afterwards by habit—too small a matter is the merely pointing out a road to be dignified with the title of
in-

instruction—and you will think with complacency of the character of the authour of that doctrine, superiour as a scholar to the times he lived in, and as a man inferiour to no one who has adorned the most enlightened and the happiest times.

You have animated his disciple, Sir, to what he could not otherwise have attempted; to an humble imitation of your courageous example in the cause of Truth; you have animated him to the public exposure of an error, of which he has been, like you, above thirty years convinced, though he had not made notes of it, by sending into the world his recommendation of a contrary practice. He sends it, he hopes, under the happy auspices of such a Leader; directed against falsehood of received opinion, the common foe, as the boy *Teucer* sent his arrow, from behind the shield of *Ajax*, his General and his elder Brother. Or if that be aspiring to a character too high, *non recusat*—taught by his Master, the Authour of his doctrine—*non recusat humilis haberi*—to be accounted but as one of the rank and file of the *Salaminians*; but the other epithets of his illustrious humble guide—*abjectus et inglorius*—cannot here apply to him; for he shall still, even as a Private, boast himself—your Fellow Soldier!—but a raw recruit indeed, under an experienced Chief, long since the Laurelled Victor of falsehood of received opinion in the region of Mythology! And though his dexterity may not deserve your praise, though his arm be feeble, and his arrow but a *telum imbellè sine ictu*, you cannot withhold your approbation from that zeal and courage which you have Yourself excited. Thus, Sir, if you protect not his little performance from attacks, his good intention of being useful, by exposing the falsehood of a system, which blights the most beauteous flowers of Parnassus, may merit your patronage and support—how much soever this Dissertation, claiming no Discovery, is, in every respect, even if attended with more success than he can presume to hope, inferiour in importance to your own. It stood not, luckily, in need of any of that profound historical and critical sagacity, which distinguishes the Dissertation upon the Siege of Troy: if it had, indeed, it must have been executed by a different hand from that, which has

now

now the honour to address you. And yet the fashion by no means excels the matter of your pretious weapon; that weapon, with which, in an act that carries in it great beauty, dignity, and virtue, you greatly attempt the conquest of perhaps a more inveterate prejudice in the historic, than any in the mythologic, kingdom, by the force of Truth; in your love of which, the dehortations of your *Amicus Plato* and *Amicus Socrates* have been nobly set at nought!—set at nought for Truth, for SACRED TRUTH! which all men owe to all men, and which is the great source of that happiness of Nations, incompatible with the undue emolument of *Ephesian* individuals; who from the Craft of Falsehood have their wealth, and would obstruct the stream of Truth, or dry up its salutary springs. But the affection which you have so laudably displayed for it, will, in all probability, greatly conduce “*ad hominum Utilitatem, qua*—as Cicero proceeds to say—*nihil homini debet esse antiquius;*” and who says too in another place, that, “*In plerisque rebus incredibiliter hoc Natura est ipsa fabricata, ut ea, quæ maximam UTILITATEM in se continerent, eadem haberent plurimum vel Dignitatis, vel sæpe etiam Venustatis.*” Nor can that eloquent philosopher, nor all the eloquence upon earth, say too much in praise of UTILITY TO MAN—the only Fountain of Honour—of true honour, and of real Glory—of GODLIKE GLORY! for, in your admirable Analysis, you have shewn, Sir, that the Gods of Antiquity were made to continue the memory of such men, as, rightly, “*are called Benefactors,*” “*Inventas et qui vitam excoluere per artes:*” while the God of Christians, the Divine Friend of Man, and his Redeemer, engages the affections, more warmly than in any other circumstance of his mortal life, by his continually “*going about doing good,*” devoted to temporal, as well as eternal, Utility to Man!

What high importance was attached to this Utility by the great Instructors of their posterity, you must have remarked, Sir, in the strong affirmative vituperation conveyed by the negatives *Axerios*, and *Inutilis*. And though modern language has not preserved that meaning in derivatives from the latter; it may still perhaps convey the same idea—looking to the effect instead of the cause—by another negative; and, justly regarding the want of Fame to be owing to the want of

Usefulness, imply, that, to him who is useless, ought to be applied the term *infamous*, in its strictest sense. That there can be no Fame, Glory, or Reputation, in seeking exclusively one's own individual utility, or self-interest, but public utility alone, You have shewn, Sir—not upon the present occasion only—is the grand principle by which you are actuated; and as it is desirable to have grand principles in short, memorable, and measured, sentences, he will venture to repeat it in the happy terms of the sententious Phædrus—

NISI UTILE EST QUOD FACIMUS, STULTA EST GLORIA;

which another poet as happily translates—

Le véritable Honneur est d'être Utile aux hommes :

whence it is plainly seen, that it is for his Utility, that every voice concurs to honour the Writer by whom Entertainment is mixed with Instruction—the greatest of obligations.

But it may be asked, how is Utility to man to be obtained from this newly-discovered Truth of the Non-existence of a generally-supposed Town, a great way off, and thousands of years ago? “Whether it be a Truth or not, what shall we get by that?” It was, doubtless, by some such inquirer said, when a Needle, which had been rubbed upon a Loadstone, was first observed to affect a certain situation, that it was a pretty fancy enough; but that it could be only for very idle people to spend their time in such little trifling observations; for, “what shall we get by that?” Behold from such trifling observations as they were at first, behold what has been gotten! Nothing less—than the discovery of a New World!—than an infinity of Riches!—than means of preserving millions from the perils of the Sea; and means, of greater tendency than any other, towards the yet humanizing the human race! In this discovery, it is true, there has been a mixture of bad, with a great mass of preponderating good. But from the discovery of the Non-existence of Troy, the latter only can result. For, this demonstration of the falsehood of a generally-received opinion, must naturally give birth to a spirit of Inquiry into the soundness of the foundation of all generally-received opinions in the various parts of Science,
b
and,

and, in consequence, produce a multitude of useful and much-wanted Truths. What thinking men but, upon this occasion, this surprizing occasion, must bring their opinions in review before them, and put to themselves on each, and particularly in the science of Politics, twin-sister to History, many questions—which you will imagine, Sir, better than they can be suggested to you?

The favour of a peculiar kind, Sir, which you have conferred upon your grateful dedicatour, you have conferred like yourself; since it is the property of a benevolent disposition to do what delights and be unconscious of it: such a favour could scarcely have been conferred upon a contemporary by even some of the ablest writers of antiquity, with their prefaces errant, suited alike to all subjects or to none; it is, that you have, without designing it, written for his, as well as your own work, a much better and more appropriate preface than he could have furnished with his utmost care. Not a syllable is there in it (except towards the conclusion where you name your subject) but what is as exactly applicable to the one of them as the other. When your good Genius had thus prompted you to erect for him so excellent a façade of learned and sententious matter, how was the temptation to be withstood, of endeavouring to place behind it something, which, though of humbler style, might yet comport with the design? He fears to call the “something” a *House*, lest it resemble a house of cards, or a house built upon the Sand, to be blown down and washed away, when the winds and the rains of criticism come, from the powerful parties whose practice in pronunciation he presumes to blame. But if it shall outlive the storm, and he shall have written any thing that may be thought not an unworthy sequel to a preface by Mr. BRYANT, he will think it a high honour, and a happy augury that he may indulge in the cheering hope of having not unusefully employed his pains. After what he has said of it, his readers will understand of course, that they are to read that preface a second time as his, which they have read before as yours; since they will all have your Dissertation by them. But he doubts the *vice versa* will not hold, that all who have *your* Dissertation must have likewise his

The great opposition, Sir, which you seem in that preface to expect, will not, he hopes, be accompanied with Danger—attendant as it has been said to be, ever since the days of SOCRATES, upon acting the part of a Wise Man before those who are not so. But he can scarcely think that you will have much opposition to encounter. Even those who are the most hurt by your proposition, must know, that, false pride, at all times contemptible enough, is most completely so, when it will argue, after Reason is convinced: and, knowing this, they will naturally and wisely be inclined, rather to exert themselves in subduing the stubbornness of their Opinion, and gracefully to give way to Truth; than by humouring the wayward brat, to be brought to shame by it, if they provoke Truth to battle. Besides, Sir, you contend against error of Opinion only, not meddling with a man's Mouth, but with his Mind alone; which can effectually command the tattler his Tongue not to tell what tosses there. Every verse that he shall pronounce—except three which are pointed out—of the poetical histories of the dread effects of that wrath which

Πολλας ιφθιμους ψυχας αιδι προιαψεν,

and of the wanderings of that much-enduring man, who

Πολλων ανθρωπων ιδεν ασηα, και νοον εινω,

will not proclaim whether he was before in error concerning the Truth of those histories, or is magnanimously determined to remain so still; as must, alas! be the fatal case in regard to the prosodic Truth, if it be so, which your example in historic truth, and your assurance, that, "*The detection of Errors can never be of any bad consequence*" have excited your subaltern to endeavour at promoting, with a zeal that sends him upon the forlorn hope; sends him to attack the Citadel, in which Opinion is most strongly fortified by PRACTICE, the VAUBAN of Engineers, and who is fighting with the skill of MARLBOROUGH by her side! What a different fate then must this poor Subaltern expect, who, though he has been all his life praying for Peace on earth and good will among men, has such cause to apprehend that there will be laid

against him, on every side, a Host of Foes, too much irritated by this blazon, to ears of flesh and blood, of the errors of their practice, though but on a single point, to listen to the still small voice which might repress their anger! And most of them of such a different description from creatures who can assault but with one part of them, from before or from behind, that, if credit may be given to an Italian proverb*, they are provided from every quarter with powers of offence—fretful Porcupines with a Quill in every direction!

But amongst all his foes, it is FOLLY, undoubtedly, which if not the most formidable, will be the loudest. For, as she maintains a uniformity of character, she will scarcely upon this occasion depart from the uniformity of conduct she has held on others. In proportion as ideas of improvement are likely to gain countenance and credit, and thence a tendency to be put in action, she has ever been observed to redouble her efforts for the more firmly establishing the throne of PREJUDICE, the partner of her reign. This proportion she will preserve at present; she, who can alone, in her sovereign power, superiour to restraints which might awe a subject, after reading through the following Dissertation, if founded on Truth, put the notorious question—*Pourquoi innover, puisque NOUS SOMMES SI BIEN ?* If it shall drop still-born from the press, she will be quiet as a Lamb, and smiler with a face of wondrous placidness. At all events, she may rely securely upon her friends and cousins, whose loyalty is not to be shaken to a change of note, by all the powers of Pindus preceded by the God of Music—if unbacked by Mammon. But if for this change of note should be given the suffrage of a few who are not of her court—withheld from it, as well by their wisdom as by that pride which *was* made for man, the noble pride preserving them from all that is unworthy of themselves—how will she be agitated, and stun the world with the deafening clamour of her Bells! And the poor Culprit—what will become of *him*! “SEDITION!” she

* Dal Toro dinanzi, dal Cavallo dietro, guardati dal Prete d'ogni canto.

instantly exclaims: for she knows not, that, the word means simply A GOING APART, and, consequently, that, from such mouths as hers, it must bestow

“PRAISE” UNDESIGNED, BY “CENSURE IN DISGUISE.”

But there is nothing too ridiculous or too violent for her to attempt, in the gibes and the jeers, as well as the rancorous accusations, she will cast upon him. “A pretty fellow, he, indeed, to set up for a *Tongue-keeper*, and expect that people should, unrewarded, move them, according to *his* fancy, forsooth, in the pronunciation of so many thousands of syllables, when there is another *Tongue-keeper*, who, if you but humour his fancy, will pay like a king—with a People’s money—for the merely pronouncing an AY or NO! No, no; no *Tongue-keepers* for us, who have not the true *Glossocomon*!” She had been told perhaps that *γλωσσοκομον* means a bag, in which the *Tongues of Wind-instruments and Money* were kept together; and that it is translated by the word “*Bag*,” in the place, where it is said, that, *He that had the Bag, cared not for the Poor, and was a Thief*.

Whether to this antient *γλωσσοκομον* our modern parliamentary word *Budget* has ever had any sort of resemblance or affinity, let senators determine.

“By and by, (continues Folly) this fellow, if he be suffered to go on with his presumption and arrogance uncontradicted, will not be contented with attempting to tune our tongues, and put his New Song into our mouths, but will have the audacity to think of moulding to his fancy our very features and gesture also, and make as mere puppets of people on this side the water, in a free country, as they were made in a foreign land, under arbitrary rule; when such directions were written down for them, as, “*Ici, le Roi prendra un air severe; ici, le front du Roi s’adoucira; ici, le Roi fera tel geste, &c.**” And then, borrowing from that foreign land a joke—which she dearly loves—felicitates the fellow, upon his happy

* These directions were written—upon a paper which Chamfort says is still existing—to be observed by Louis XV. in a speech prepared for him to make to a public body, when Machaut was his prime-minister, and Madam Pompadour—much more.

prospect of being rewarded for his idle pains—*ut publicè profit*—with his New Pleasure—as much as his Mekerchus did—with the first preferment that shall be at the disposal of—*Mekerchus!*

But, Sir, the Stranger, who has thus addressed you, most humbly begs your pardon, for having inconsiderately introduced to you, with himself, if possible, a still greater Stranger; and of whose company, he is sure, you must be tired; as—he is not altogether without suspicion—you may be of that of her companion; to whom you see, he fears by more than his description of her manners, she is by no means strange. They will then withdraw together; and perhaps, like old friends, make up the difference which has arisen from the feeble attack he meditates upon the illiterate and unmusical influence of herself and her drowsy consort. But should she continue her ill-humour, he assures you, that, if he shall be so happy as to approve himself to You, and to two or three more like you—were it not too much to expect that so many are easily to be found—all the Din and Clatter that the bell-crowned Queen can raise, calling to her aid all the frantic priests *Dindymenes, et omnes Corybantes æra acuta geminantes*, will only

“Roll o’er his head, but come not to his heart.”

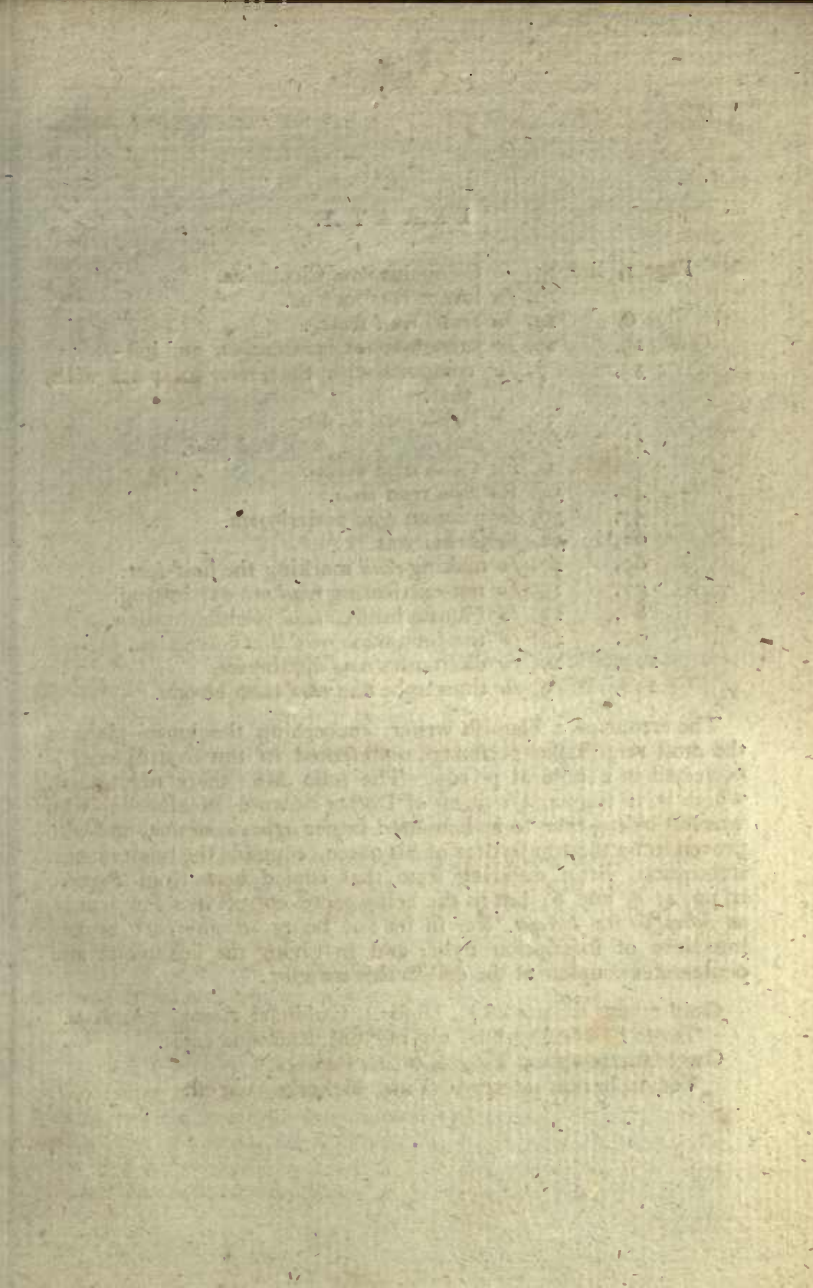
That you may long continue, Sir, to be an Honour to Letters, to advanced Age, to your Country, and your Kind, is the sincere wish of

Your most obliged and

obedient humble Servant,

A DISCIPLE OF MEKERCHUS.

February 24, 1797.



ERRATA,

- Page 1, line 15, for Cleobolus read Cleobulus.
 19, for loveus read love us.
 6, 14, for fratri read fratris.
 19, 19, for patremque read patremque, and in—
 31, 7, for comports with that read comports with,
 that.
 35, for Rādīt read Rādīt,
 33, 27, for and sudor read sudor and fluit.
 39, 9, for ὀπορεύ read ὀπορεύ.
 49, 34, for εἰρήνη read εἰρήνη.
 55, 36, for priorem read posteriorem.
 62, 32, for is read was.
 69, 27, for making read marking the half-feet.
 77, 15, for not-extricating read not extricating.
 86, 22, for Hunsterhuifian read Hemsterhuifian.
 99, 23, for the connexion read that connexion.
 103, 16, for diclitantes read dictitantes.
 118, 9, for than to be one read than be one.

The error of a Flemish writer, concerning the burial-place of the most respectable personage represented in the frontispiece, is corrected in a note at p. 109. The folio MS. there mentioned, which is in the hand-writing of Doctor Edward Meetkerke, who was left by his ever to be honoured father *infans anniculus*, and who proved to be the transmitter of his name, contains the monumental inscription, little differing from that copied here from *Foppens*, in pp. 4, 5, and 6; but in the being more correct in a few words, as *suscepisset* for *suscepit*, &c. in its not being in any part broken into lines of inscription style; and in giving the hexameter and pentameter couplets at the end in this manner:

Quid manus armata est? Hostis. Quidnam altera? Amicus.
 Tertia? Meetkerkus, qui manum utramque capit.
 Quid Græcæ voces, Εχθροισι Φιλοισι τ' Ἀδελφοι;
 Vocum harum interpres, Vita, Mekerke, tua est.

METRONARISTON.

CHAPTER I.

A NEW PLEASURE, it is humbly presumed, may be presented in these pages to the ingenious youthful readers; if, laying aside the barbarism of our schools, they can be persuaded to read Greek and Latin verses with a strict observance of the *Measure*, or, as we commonly call it, the *Quantity*, of the syllables.

If they are not too far gone in a bad habit, my young friends will not spurn this friendly offer, without examination. But, recollecting the saying of an ancient sage*, who thought the observance of *Measure* the best maxim for the regulation of life; they may perhaps apply it to poetry, and find, that the observance of QUANTITY is the only maxim for the reasonable enjoyment of the *Sense* as well as the *Melody* of verse.

* METPON μὲν Κλειόβουλος ὁ Λινδίου; εἶπεν ΑΡΙΣΤΟΝ.

Cleobolus, of Lindus in the isle of Rhodes, had also another maxim, which, however foreign to the purpose for which he may, at any time be quoted, ought always to accompany his name, viz. That "*Kindness should be shewn to ALL men, to enemies as well as friends; that the latter may continue, and the former be made, to lovers.*"

This *Quantity*, by our present general custom, we scarcely half observe; and, in consequence, receive from the beautiful and sublime productions of antiquity scarcely half the pleasure they are capable of affording.

A strict attention to *Quantity* has, however, it is said, been given, even in modern times, by some distinguished characters in polite literature. About two centuries ago, Sir *John Cheke* was of opinion, that "Should any of the old Greeks return to life, and hear our unharmonious pronunciation, so very different from the sweet and distinct elocution of the antients, it would give him uneasiness to find, that, what he had left so perfect and excellent, was now reduced to a wretched state of corruption and barbarism." And though these words were said by him respecting *Accent* in particular, they are too general not to be supposed to comprehend *Quantity* likewise. About the same time, ADOLPHUS MEKERCHUS*, in his Commentary

* Adolphus Mekerchus was a native of Flanders, who, passing through many honourable employments with great usefulness to his country, and the highest fame of his abilities and integrity, died at London, upon an embassy to Queen Elizabeth, and was buried in St. Paul's, a little more than two centuries ago. He appears to have been an ornament and delight of the age in which he lived—Second to none in literary accomplishments, and possessing one of the most amiable and benevolent of hearts. For, his maxim—improving upon that of the Grecian sage in the preceding note—was to be, ET AMICO FRATER ET HOSTI; and grief for the loss of a son was supposed to be the cause of his death, in his sixty-fourth year!—a period of life, at which there are but few, it is said, whose affections are not considerably impaired by so long an acquaintance with *Time*; who is certainly, for that long acquaintance we are so fond of with him, very apt, upon some account or other, to make us all pay dearly; and, for which greedy disposition, he has, by a shrewd Greek, been tauntingly intitled—"The Skilful Artist, making every thing weaker that he takes in hand!"*

This

* 'Ο γὰρ χρόνος μὲν ἐκτεμεῖται—τελευτᾷ ὡς σόφος!

Ἀπάντα δ' ἐργαζόμενος ἀσθενεῖται. Crates.

It has, besides, been said, that, "*En vivant, et en voyant les hommes, il faut que le cœur se brise ou se bronzé.*"

mentary *De veteri et recta pronuntiatione linguæ Græcæ*, was a strong advocate for reading every syllable according to its quantity. And, in the last century, *Isaac Vossius*, in his treatise *De poematum cantu*, partly supported the same system.

The

This ornament and delight of his kind, the Flemish sage, is thus spoken of by one of his likenesses and contemporaries,—the most respectable *THUANUS*. “*Nostris addetur Adolphus Metkerkius, patritius Brugensis, vir literis egregiè instructus; qui cum per cas inclarescere cepisset, æstu motuum, qui Belgium concusserunt, abreptus. Totam vitam legationibus obeundis ac negotiis tractandis Ordinum Consiliarius consumpsit; ac tandem apud Elizabetham Angliæ Reginam Orator, hoc anno, 1591, Londini obiit, cum climactericum suum mensibus sex superesset, mœrore ex Nicolai filii admodum strenui ducis ad Daventriam interfecti nuntio, ut creditum est, contracto.*” Lib. C.

Freherus, in his “*Theatrum Virorum Eruditione clarorum*,” professing to take his account, as well as from *Thuanus*, “*ex Athenis Belgicis Fr. Sweertii*,” says of *Mekerchus*, “*Legationes, Ordinum Belgarum Provinciarum nomine, apud varios principes maxima fide summaque cum laude totam vitam obivit.*” Then, after relating, from *Thuanus*, the circumstance of his death, he adds,—“*Sepultus in templo D. Pauli. Scripsit et edidit elegantem libellum de veteri et recta Linguæ Græcæ pronuntiatione. Huic adjectus est, Ephemeris syllabica dierum Fastorum Ecclesiæ Romanæ. Poemata varia. Moschi et Bionis Idyllia scholiis illustrata. Theocriti Syracusani Epigrammata Vestè Latina donata. De tumultibus bellicis MS. apud hæredes.*”

Besides these books, it is said, in the “*Nouveau Dictionnaire Historique*,”—à Caen et Lyon, 1789,—“*qu’il travailla aux Vies des Césars*,” aux “*Médailles de la Grande Grece*,” et aux “*Fastes Consulaires*,” publiés par *Goltzius*.”

His domestic name was *Adolphus à Meetkercke*—i. e. of *Meetkercke*—as appears, as well from a marginal note in *Thuanus*, as from his being called so by *Antonius Senderus*, a celebrated Flemish writer, in his “*Flandria illustrata*,” who, speaking of the illustrious men of his country, says, “*et, inter eos, A. Metkerkus—vulgò Meetkercke—a veteri pago gentilitio (qui medio ferè itinere inter Brugas et Blancobergam situs est) sic dictus.*”

Thuanus and *Senderus*, writing perhaps from memory, have spelled his foreign or literary name differently from each other, and from that which *Meetkercke* thought proper to give to himself in the book printed at Bruges, most probably under his inspection,

The observance of *Quantity* is, alas! all that is now left respecting the sound of ancient poetry. It were much to be wished,

from which the reader will find a transcript in the second chapter; and that name which he gave himself, is followed in the ensuing pages; as in citing and speaking of *Thuanus* and *Vossius*, their foreign or literary names are naturally followed, though the domestic name of one was *de Thou*, and of the other *Vos*. Besides, that, it is not to his embassies, but to his books, that his immortality is due. "*Ex Libris Immortalitatem*," said *Asinius Pollio*, when, in opening the first public library at Rome, he employed his wealth to a nobly-useful purpose.

Foppens, in his "*Bibliotheca Belgica*," 1739, has preserved a portrait of this illustrious Flemish scholar, engraved by *Larmessin*, from which the frontispiece has been copied: and, from his account of him, it should seem, that his being appointed ambassador to the court of England must have been particularly pleasing to him, since he had chosen before to make this country his residence, to avoid the troubles of his own. The words of *Foppens* are, *Obiit Londini in Anglia, quò, rerum paulatim in Flandria potiente Alexandro, Parmæ Duce, secesserat*. This may be inferred from *Thuanus*, and is confirmed by the inscription—extant upon his monument until the demolition of the old St. Paul's—which has been preserved likewise in the same book with his portrait, and is in the following words:

DEO TRINO ET UNI
Opt. Max. sacrum,
Ac æternæ Memoræ
Nobilissimi, honoratissimi,
Omniq.ue virtutum et eruditionis genere
Præstantissimi viri, Domini
ADOLPHI à MEETKERCKE,
Brugensis,
Equestris Ordinis,
Summi Flandriæ Concilii
Præsidis dignissimi et justissimi,
In creandis per Flandriam
Urbium Civitatumque Magistratibus
Legati perpetui.
Qui
Difficillimis Belgarum temporibus
Illustrem locum Consiliarii Statûs,
In supremo trium Ordinum

Belgicarum

wished, indeed, that we could read likewise with that *Accent* of theirs, by which, it is said, there may be given to a syllable—
what

Belgicarum provinciarum senatu,
 Multis Principibus junctus Collega,
 Plus quàm Decennium sustinuit.
 Legationes quoque
 Eorundem Ordinum nomine
 Apud varios Germaniæ
 Superioris et inferioris Principes,
 Regem Galliæ,
 Ejusque Fratrem Principem Alençonium,
 Tum etiam apud Serenissimam hanc
 Angliæ &c. Reginam
 Principi Havreø factus Collega,
 Summis de rebus, maxima fide,
 Summaque cum laude, obiit.
 Eximiæ cognitionis cùm Jurisprudentiæ,
 Tum Historiæ fama celeberrimus:
 Nec minus a bonarum artium,
 Humanarumque disciplinarum et linguarum
 Præsertim Latinæ et Græcæ
 (Quarum posterioris fuit Restaurator)
 Eruditione commendatissimus.
 Quodque primum omnium est,
 Pietatis in Deum et Homines,
 Veritatis Evangelicæ et Justitiæ
 Cultor studiosissimus.
 Cujus causâ
 Omnibus supradictis honoribus relictis,
 Exilium,
 Etiam si ipsi in sua senectute durum,
 Tamen libens Christi causâ suscepit;
 Nullo Hispani auro,
 Vel ingentibus pollicitationibus,
 Quibus à recto instituto dimovere
 Eum conabantur, expugnabilis.

Is natus annos 63, menses 6, pridie Nonas Oct. anno post natum
 Messiam 1591, ex hac peritura ad perennem vitam emigravit: cùm
 ex duabus nobilissimis selectissimisque uxoribus, tam virtute quam
 genere clarissimis, Dominâ Jacobâ Cervinâ, et Dominâ Margaretâ
 à Lichtervelde, plurimos suscepit utriusque sexûs liberos. Ex qui-
 bus moriens sex, ex qualibet uxore videlicet tres, reliquit superstites.

Ex

what is so difficult to many to conceive—"Elevation without Prolongation." But this, it is to be feared, we never shall attain: notwithstanding the great feasibility of it is so strongly affirmed by Sir John Cheke, by Michaelis, by Foster, and others. From their theories, the writer, at least, must confess, for his part, that he has not been able to profit; nor has he ever had the good fortune to meet with a practical lesson upon the subject.

One cannot avoid wishing likewise, that, with all their other arts of pronunciation, we could imitate—what we are told was so captivating—the *modulation, rhythmus, or*

Ex priore *Balduinum*; qui cæso nuper in expugnatione Daventriæ fratre suo primogenito D. *Nicolao*, militum duce fortissimo, militibus dicti fratri sui, à Serenissima Angliæ Regina est præfectus. *Adolphum*, patri cognominem, à fratre in ordine militari secundum: et filiam *Annam*, uxorem clarissimi viri D. Pauli Knibbii, Juriscon. et Sereniss. Daniæ Regis Conciliarii. Ex posteriore filium anniculum *Eduardum*, et duas filias, *Elizabetham* et *Salomen*, tres liberalissimæ indolis et formæ infantes.

Cui placidè in Christo humanæ gentis sospitatore obdormienti, hoc meritis ipsius debitum mortale Monumentum, tum immortalis amoris et reverentiæ, *Petrus ab Heyla*, dictus *Verbeila*, Brugensis Jurisc. popularis, civis et amicus ejus mæstiff. pos.

Pro symbolo habebat duas dexterarum inter se junctas, quarum una armata est, altera inermis; quibus tertia e nube superveniens duas priores complectitur; additis his verbis, ad nomen *Adolphi* alludentibus,

ΦΙΛΟΙΣ ΕΧΘΡΟΙΣ ΤΕ ΑΔΕΛΦΟΙΣ.

Et amico Frater et hosti.

Quid manus armata est? Hostis. Quidnam altera? Amicus.

Tertia? MEETKERKUS, qui manum utramque capit.

Quid Græcæ voces? ET AMICO FRATER ET HOSTI.

Vocum harum interpres vita, Mekerke, tua est.

Nil scribitur totum. Quis hoc mare effundat?

Multum valent recisa parva de magnis.

Momenta rerum, et quæ argumenta sunt summa,

Suffecerit tractasse; nullus absolvet.

harmony, with which the antients read, and which by them was called the *Carmen* *.

But so far are we from being acquainted with this *carmen*; so little do we know how those great masters both of sense and

* Curritur ad vocem jucundam et *Carmen* amicæ
Thebaidos; lætam fecit cùm Statius urbem,
Promisitque diem; tanta dulcedine captos
Afficit ille animos, tantaque libidine vulgi
Auditur. —————

Juv. vii. 82.

This *Carmen* seems to have been a notation over the verse, distinct from that of music, for its modulation. Quintilian says—*Versus quoque Saliorum habent carmen*. Du Bos has written ably on this subject: as he has also on the significations in which the words *adun*, *canere*, *canter*, *ορχισμαι*, *ορχησναι*, *saltare*, *saltatio*, &c. are frequently to be taken; viz. in the significations of *reciting* and *acting*, instead of *singing* and *dancing*. Without attributing these significations to those words, many passages cannot be understood; and it would not have been disreputable to our Lexicographers to have noticed them.

Juvenal, in his fifth Sat. bids his reader behold, at great tables, the Carver "*saltantem*, et chironomanta volanti cultello," i. e. *gesticulating*, in the performance of his office; certainly not *dancing* or *jumping*. In his eleventh satire, he says,

Conditor Iliados *cantabitur* atque Maronis
Altisoni, dubiam facientia carmina palmam:
Nil refert tales versus qua voce *legantur*:

using synonymously *cantabitur* and *legantur*.

That mean magnificent wretch Munatius Plancus, to whom the "*Laudabunt alii*" is addressed, who had been twice consul, and was, like a thorough courtier, "*sans honneur ni humeur*," and "*in omnia et omnibus venalis*;" that he might please the emperor, submitted, we are told by Paternulus, to have his naked body smeared with cerulean paint, that, with a garland of reeds upon his head, and dragging a tail after him, as he crawled upon his knees, he might *act*, not *dance* or *jump*, the part of Glaucus—"Cùm cœruleatus et nudus, caputque redimitus arundine, et caudam trahens, genibus innixus Glaucum *saltasset*."

Apuleius says that Venus was accustomed to *speak*, or signify her meaning with her eyes alone—"Et nonnunquam *saltare* folis oculis."

And yet all the interpretations to *saltare* in the latest edition of Ainsworth's Dictionary, are, to *dance*, *jump*, *hop*, or *skip*."

found

found pronounced their syllables, except as to *quantity*, that there appears good ground for the conjecture of Scioppius, that, if Cicero could hear us speak his language, he would no more understand the most learned modern, or such a modern understand Cicero—" *quàm si Arabicè peroraret* *."

But what of all this? We do know the *quantity* of their syllables, which is fixed by unalterable laws: and our not being able to attain all the excellence of their recitation, is surely no reason for neglecting the pleasure, so easily acquired, of making an approach to part of it, by paying a strict observance to the *quantity* which they gave to their syllables. Surely it is something to arrive at this, if it be not given us to go beyond it. By not observing quantity, we lose innumerable beauties. Out of the thousands which might be taken, let us take an example from the two concluding lines of Ajax's prayer.

Ποιησον δ' αἰθρην, δος δ' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδεσθαι,
 Ἐν δὲ φαιεῖ καὶ ὀλεσσον, ἐπεὶ νῦν τοι εὐαδεν ἔως.

To the sublime conception, indeed, in this address to the cloud-dispersing Jove, we do justice by a proper estimation of it; but, it is plain, from our manner of reading it, that we are as insensible of its beautifully-artificial measure, as we are of the elegant shape, colour, and perfume, of the flower, which "is born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air."

The first of these verses is an earnest petition, directed with emphatic fervour to the Maker omnipotent of night and day, that the hero and his host may at least have a clear sky, that it may be granted them but to behold the enemy, and die at least like men. And it is expressed, most suitably, in a strenuous and urgent, though slow and solemn, stream of

* The C and G, for instance, were, by the Romans, always pronounced hard, i. e. as the Greek K and Γ, before ALL the vowels: which found of them it would have been well if we had retained; for, had this been done, the inconvenience of many equivocal sounds, and much appearance of irregularity in the language, would have been avoided.

Spondees: the whole of which, by our mispronunciation of the two first words, is blighted with debility *. For of *Ποιησον*, which is a molossus, we make an amphibrachys; and of *αιθρη*, which is a spondee, we make a trochee.

The second verse differs totally from the first. Instead of an earnest petition, it is a ready, though indignant, acquiescence with the will of the Deity.—Give us, oh, give us but Light: and then—Destroy us, if you will, *since you seem* to be so disposed.—And it goes off, most suitably likewise to such a sense, in a quick and rapid run of *dactyles*; which adds greatly to the sublimity of the thought. Now, in this second verse, we make still greater havoc of the measure. We stumble at the very first step, by making a trochee of the iambus *Πασι*, which converts at once what should be a rapid run, into a disgraceful hobble. Let the unprejudiced reader only try these two verses both ways, (observing, and violating, the quantity,) and I trust he will need no argument.

What a luxury of mental gratification must it have been to hear the authour himself recite this grand passage of the interesting story! I imagine him, with the harp in his hand, regulating and embellishing the modulation; and seem to hear him pouring forth “*such sounds as take th’enchanted soul, and lap it in Elyzium!*”—I say to hear him *recite*; for the notion of his *singing* it, or of theatrical pieces being *sung*, because they were accompanied by instruments—as Gracchus was by his pitch-pipe—seems to be a mistake arising from our misconception of terms.

That there must be some certain modulation in reading all poetry is plain; or a part of its nature would be lost: and, in the course of his prose-reading, should one who had never heard of *Milton*, meet with such a passage as this—“*In a work which treats of man’s first disobedience, and the fruit of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste was the cause of human misery, we naturally expect, &c.*”—he might be surprized, when informed that he had read the first couplet of a sublime poem, like a *Bourgeois*

* Nam versûs æquè *prima*, & *media*, & *extrema* pars attenditur; qui debilitatur, in quacunque parte sit titubatum.

Cic. de Oratore.

Gentilhomme, without knowing any thing of the matter*. If we cannot arrive at the modulation of the antients, we must adopt such as our taste and judgement and voice and feeling can supply; and by the different degrees of which all comparative excellence must be rated. They who remember what could be effected by the taste and judgement and voice and feeling of *Garrick* and of *Cibber*, will feelingly allow, that a very high gratification may be afforded even by English recitation. But there can be no poetical modulation without quantity; and, therefore by not attending to quantity, we have no modulation, and, consequently, are insensible of the beauties springing from it, in Ποιησον δ' αἰθερον—and—Εν δὲ φαιει καὶ οὐρανῳ.

Nor perhaps would he who takes the liberty with his young readers of pointing out to them these things, have bestowed upon them, in a more than ordinary manner, his attention, but from its having many years ago been accidentally excited. He had always, indeed, an idea, that our very anomalous and irrational way of reading Greek and Latin poetry was founded in error. Yet, from indolence, he conformed, though reluctantly, to the general practice; because it was not *his* business, who was not employed in teaching the learned languages, to examine the error and to seek its remedy. But such an undertaking would have so very much

* Concerning verses to be found mixed undesignedly with prose, a more curious circumstance, perhaps, even than that there should be half a score, hexameter and pentameter, in the New Testament†, is, that a verse should inattentively have been let slip by both Cicero and Quintilian, who both inveighed against the practice—"vehementer vitiosum!" cries one—"fœdissimum!" exclaims the other:

Displiceo mihi, nec sine summo scribo dolore.

Ad Attic.

Planè sermone, ut nummus, cui publica forma est
Utendum.

De Instit.

† Mat. xiv, 14. Luke xiv, 30; xxi, 18. John xiii, 5; xvi, 28; xix, 39. 1 Tim. vi, 16. Tit. iii, 2. Heb. xii, 13 & 26. James i, 17.

become the truly-learned professors of instruction in our public seminaries, who, in their continual exercitation, should be more strongly impressed* by a sense of that error, and of the absurdities with which it teems; that high respect for their characters will make every candid scholar wish to be able to furnish an admissible apology for its having never yet been executed, or known to be attempted. The doctrine of Mekerchus, which contains the remedy, and might lead to discover the cause of the error, was published, it is true, very long ago; without any apparent effect in this country; yet it cannot be said to be buried in oblivion; since it has been held forth to us, together with that of If. Vossius, so lately as in the year 1764, by one of our countrymen, in his book, intituled, "*Accentus Redivivi*;" held forth indeed with disapprobation; but in such a manner, and with such reasons, or rather, no-reasons, for disapprobation, as, instead of deterring, should have impelled every intelligent reader to embrace it. But there is, as will be seen in the third chapter, more direct and authentic aid, for ever at hand, for ever in hand, and for ever unpardonably overlooked. The present writer, before the accidental excitement of his attention to quantity, had never read Mekerchus, or If. Vossius, or the "*Accentus Redivivi*;" and what knowledge he has on the subject, or, at least, what led to it, was got, not by seeking it—from which he thought himself exempted by his situation—but because, like Worcester's Rebellion, it "lay in his way and he found it." He found it in the conversation of a learned ecclesiastic at Rome, while they were walking together in the *Campo Vaccino* †. This spot put us naturally in mind of, among other things, Horace's being accustomed to make it one of his walks, and of the troublesome fellow, whom he so divertingly describes to have fastened on him there. My companion began repeating—*Ibam forte via sacra, sicut meus est mos* ‡—in quantity too new and pleasing to my ear

* Εκ θριψτης ραθυμιας, οκως λογος, αιει ιοισας,

Χα λιθος ες ρωγμον κοιλαινηλο, κηριον ωσπερ.

Bion.

† *Campo Vaccino* is the present name for what was anciently the *Forum* and the *Via Sacra*.

‡ Horace, ninth satire of the first book.

to be passed unnoticed. He smiled; and said, as nearly as I can recollect, to the following effect:

“I have pronounced all the words, I believe, in their proper *quantity*; but I suppose, that you, like those of your countrymen, whom I have had the pleasure to know here, have, to your loss, a way of reading, by which a great deal of the beauty of antient poetry, I mean its harmony—a principal constituent of all poetry—is destroyed; merely from the want of that attention to *quantity*, which you doubtless bestow in reading the verses of your own poets. And in this unreasonable practice you are more or less countenanced by the generality of my own countrymen; by all, I believe, who have not listened to the doctrine of Mekerchus—the great ambassador of a little state. Such pieces, indeed; as that to which we were alluding, though they are not written in poetical language—and are therefore, by their authour, called *Sermoni propria*—are yet written in hexameter; and might, with proper attention to *quantity*, be read every line of them, as passable verses of that measure. But, according to *your* way of reading, you seem not to allow that there is any word in the Greek or Latin languages, which constitutes a spondee, anapest, or iambus; or, in short, any foot ending in a long syllable: for, as far as I can observe, you have a rage for trocheeizing and dactylizing every thing; that is, you trocheeize every dissyllable without exception; and dactylize every trissyllable, whose penultimate is short; whether anapest, tribrachys, or amphimacer; carrying the same inclination to the polysyllables; never pronouncing two long syllables together; and ending every word invariably *short*. Thus, in the line I repeated, there are no less than six dissyllables; of which but one, unfortunately, is a trochee; and, consequently, that is the only one you pronounce properly, making trochees of all the rest: though three of them, *ibam, sacra, sicut*, are spondees; one, *via*, an iambus; and one a pyrrhic, *meus*; and I did no more nor less than pronounce them so. Of the last, indeed, the pyrrhic, *meus*, ending, as it does, short, I allow that you might make a tolerable hand; if it had had the good fortune to be preceded by *ut* as a monosyllable; and might twang off the dactyle and spondee at the end, *ut meus est mos*, currently enough, like *Di quoque sylvas*:
but,

but, the *ut* being unluckily stuck to *sic*, a spondee is formed; and whenever a pyrrhic is preceded by a spondee, or an anapest, or any other word ending (as it must in hexameter) with a long syllable, it is impossible for you, until you get rid of a bad habit, to pronounce it rightly. For do you not make the same cacophony with *pede* in this verse—

Assentis ranae pullis vituli pede pressis?

though not deficient in melody, when properly pronounced: the termination with a pyrrhic before a spondee being to be found in the most polished poems; as in the Georgics, where we find—

*Victor equus, fontesque avertitur et pede terram
Crebra ferit;—*

the latter part of which verse too, a monosyllable preceding a pyrrhic, you would read well. And indeed so you ought; as some amends for the strange misconception, which, according to your custom, you must give in the beginning, to a hearer unacquainted with the verse; who would suppose you to be speaking—instead of a victorious horse—of some *mild* and *just* conquering hero; for you would pronounce it—*Victor æquus*—two trochees. The latter part, I say, you would read well, *because* the pyrrhic is preceded by a monosyllable. But, had the verse ended—as it might harmoniously have done—thus, *crebra ferit pede terram*, I have a most violent suspicion that you would be quite thrown out. Little, however, I must confess, is lost by such errors in reading the *sermoni propria*, where no great harmony is aimed at by the poet. But the case is very different in reading Homer and Virgil; and, particularly, the very beautiful odes of our author: every measure of which is, I apprehend, more or less lamed by you; the sapphic, perhaps the least; because it ends with, what are your favourite feet, a dactyle and two trochees: and though it begins with a trochee too, yet that trochee must be followed by an ugly spondee, in which of course you must be wrong. Nay, this beginning trochee must present itself handsomely, without a monosyllable for its first member, or you will not admit it. How do you begin the second ode? Do you not say—*Jam sâtis?* Now, if *Jam sâtis* be right in the first line, the two following

following should begin with *Grandinis* and *Dextera*: but I know that in these words you shorten the second syllable, and, to the death of all harmony—by your beloved dactylization—the *Third also*! In the Asclepiad measure—*Mærenas atavis editæ regibus*—you seem to halve the matter: spoiling only the molossus and anapest at the beginning, because they terminate with long syllables; and pronouncing rightly the two dactyles with which it concludes—unless indeed they be split into three such words as *dulce decus meum*: when, instead of two dactyles, you read them—though the first alone is so—as three trochees. From the same affection to trochees, you make cruel work with the poet's own favourite measure, called, after him, *Horatian*, as well as *Alcaic*; where the spondee (or iambus) and the bacchius are sure—because they are feet ending long—to be twisted by you to dislocation: for, instead of saying, as you should, *Vidēs ut altā*, you say, *Vidēs ut aliā*; thereby confounding the sense too, as there is no substantive with which *altā* can agree. Cicero, in his *Orator*, says,—concerning some customary contractions in the language in which he wrote—‘*Impetratum est a consuetudine ut peccare, SUAVITATIS causa, liceret.*’ Now, if a similar plea could be admitted in favour of your custom of reading; if any suavity of sound, any succour to the sense were gained, you might adhere to it, and continue thus sinning, against prosody at least, not only with some excuse, but even with some show, or some pretence, of grace. Unhappily, neither to one or the other has it the shadow of a title. For when, by this most abominably-absurd custom, you destroy at once both the sound and sense, you seem to sin merely from a love of the very ugliness of sinning; as the same authour says, in his *Offices*, was Cæsar's custom, in regard to the payment of debts—‘*Tanta in eo peccandi libido fuit, ut hoc ipsum eum delectârat, PECCARE, etiam si causa non esset.*”

It was enough, it was abundant, to convince me: and likewise to shame me; for having so long, like a sheep, followed the multitude to do absurdly, without knowing any thing of the *Why* or the *Wherefore*:

E cio, che fa la prima, e l'altre fanno,

Addossandosi a lei, s'ella s'arresta,

Semplici e chete, e lo'mperche non fanno.

Dante.

I was ashamed that my nature could not rather be compared—"Half-reasoning Elephant, to thine!" Since it requires but half the smallest portion of reason that any of us may have within our reach, to see the enormity of so cruelly mangling and disfiguring the most glorious monuments of antient genius.

We are told by writers of authority upon the subject that we should not read Greek and Latin verses as they are scanned; which is so consonant to the authority of common sense, that it must be readily admitted: for, by that practice, many of the words would be so broken in the middle, as to be rendered unintelligible. This may be instanced even in our own language: in which we will take an example in each of the two most common measures; the heroic, or iambic, of five feet; and the anapestic of four:

Awake, | mý St|Jöhn, lēave | āll mēan'ēr thīngs
Tō lōw | āmbīsh|ōn ānd | thē prīde | ōf kīngs.

Here we see, that, by reading those verses as they are scanned, the name *St. John*, and the words *meaner* and *ambition* would be cut in two.

If idē|ās seēm nō|vēl, hōw fēw | āt ōnce trūst|'em,

Ōf ūs crēa|tūres ōf Rēa|sōn? Mēre crēa|tūres ōf Cūst|om!

In those two lines no less than six words would be cut in two; one of them indeed owing to the additional syllable which the measure admits at the end.

Our heroic measure, let it be observed by the way, is spoken of above as consisting of *five feet*; that the error might not be followed which defines it as consisting of *ten syllables*: for it often exceeds that number; not only by the additional syllable it admits for double rhymes, or in blank verse; but by its frequent admission, like the Greek and Latin iambs, of an anapest or dactyle in the room of an iambus; as well as of some other feet, and particularly—what was inadmissible in Greek or Latin—of the pyrrhic; of which there is an example in the third foot of the second verse quoted above from Pope. Instances of all of them may be

be found in Milton, *passim*; but not as exemplified, in his note on the first verse, by the Right Reverend editor; who—right ONLY in the single instance of the pyrrhic, among all his examples of the different feet * employed by Milton in his iambic measure—is particularly *unlucky* in that of the dactyle; for the word *ethereal* is never pronounced by us, as he gives it, a first peon (*cōncēpēs*); though he had not far to go, to find the following good example, at the hundred and twenty-third verse of the second book:

Ōmīnōus | cōnjēc|tūre ōn | thē whōle | sūccēs.

In the first of the two following heroic lines, there are, without the additional syllable at the end, or either of them being Alexandrine verses, twelve syllables in the five feet; because two of them are anapests: and, in the second, which has four anapests in its five feet, there are fourteen syllables; unless the words *humorous* and *amorous* be awkwardly contracted to dissyllables *hum'rous* and *am'rous*: and were the last word *lay* exchanged, as it might be, for *ditty*, *jingle*, or *rattle*, there would be fifteen:

Rōar'd bēl|lōwīng, whīlſt | rēbēl|lōwīng rāng | thē wōods:

And mān|ŷ ā hūm|ōrōus, mān|ŷ ān ām|ōrōus lāy.

One need not hesitate, it should seem, at marking, for long,

* And which, with the variation of pauses, have made the distinctive grace of his versification. I poeti moderni, per andar troppo dietro a un certo numero fissato da loro pel diritto, e pel buono, danno nell' unisono; e i loro versi, per così dire, suonano le campane, o saltano a piè pari; senza quella varietà di numero e dispensazione d'armonia, secondo i soggetti che si trattano; che fece il mirabile degli Antichi; e che è quella cosa che fa la poesia toccante ed affettuosa. Claudiano ed Ovidio hanno più dolcezza nel numero di Virgilio; ma sono anche rincrescevoli, e mancano di quella forza e di quella maestà. Muratori.

But that we can never arrive at the due and proper feeling of that strength and majesty, without an observance of quantity, is plain from what has been said upon Ajax's prayer.

the

the first syllable of the word *many*; or at doing the same by all the even syllables in the following verse:

Thě būs|ŷ bōd|iēs flūt|tēr, tāt|tlě still;

though some writers are pleased to qualify as short, all syllables which have their vowels short; with less reason for, than against the practice, if we may be allowed to argue from analogy. For, as we are informed by antiquity, that, the vowel may be short in long syllables—as the *i* in *inclutus*, &c.—it is to be supposed, that there may be in all languages, long syllables less long than other long syllables, and short syllables less short than other short ones. That there are such in Greek and Latin, we have the following express authorities of Dionysius and of Quintilian: “Διαλλατὴν βραχύναν συλλαβὴν βραχύναν, καὶ μακρὰ μακρὰν.”—“*Et longis longiores, & brevibus sunt breviores syllabæ.*” These two words, *ominus*, and *boliness*, therefore, should be both equally dactyles; though the long syllable of the former—which is made long by its short vowel’s attracting to itself the sound of the following consonant—is not so long as the long syllable of the latter: so of *body* and *beding*; *flutter* and *fluter*, &c. As every slight variation of sound is no more the same to every ear than is every slight shade of colour to every eye, let it be considered farther, if there be any doubt whether such words as *ominus*, *body*, *flutter*, &c. are dactyles and trochees with us, that, by those who are continually led by the genius of their pronunciation to dactylize and trocheeize, an effort must be made, to pronounce properly an isolated tribrachys or pyrrhic; and that custom never ranges itself on the side of difficulty.

But there are writers who go much farther; and regulating all by *Emphasis*, and by—a word which has been so woefully abused!—*ACCENT*, will not allow, that we have, in our language, any thing to do with *Long* or *Short*: led thereto most likely by this consideration, that the monosyllables—with which our language abounds—are all arbitrary*, and that in
disyllables

* One writer says that all our monosyllables are arbitrary, except the articles *the* and *a* which are always short; but in which he has
D mistaken;

disyllables there is no syllable so long that it may not be made short, particularly in our anapestic measure. But this perhaps may rather be regarded as poetical licence in favour of the rhythmus: for when we pronounce to ourselves any trochee or iambus—for instance in the words *secure* or *painted*—we find so much more time taken up in pronouncing one syllable in each, comparatively to the other, that it is difficult to conceive a doubt but that we are fully justified in calling it a long one. That we have long and short is still more evident in our trisyllables; where a change of quantity in the penultimate cannot be admitted in any measure; as it would render the words unintelligible. Who could understand *accurate*, *arrogant*, *deluding*, *misery*, &c.? Yet in both the above disyllables the long syllables may be made short—not indeed in this heroic verse in the Rape of the Lock—“And now secure the painted vessel glides”—but in anapestic, thus,

Secure o'er the high waves painted vessels shall glide.

The same licence is given to our dactylic measure; as in this song in “*Midas*,” which has alternately four dactyles pure, and three dactyles with a long syllable:

If you can caper as well as you modulate,
With the addition of that pretty face,
Pan, who was held by our shepherds a God ô late,
Will be kick'd out, and you put in his place.

Another species of this measure is met with in Dryden's *Albion and Albanus*, having alternately three dactyles with a trochee, and, as in the former, three dactyles and a long syllable:

From the low palace of old Father Ocean
Come we in pity your cares to deplore;
Sea-racing Dolphins are train'd for our motion,
Moony tides swelling to roll us ashore.

mistaken; for, when endued with particular significance, they too may be made long, as—

When you the poet say, we think Homer is meant,
But when a poet's said, any one's the intent.

In these two dactylic measures, we see the trochees *pretty* and *father* like the trochee *painted*, and the iambus *secure* in the anapestic, converted each to a pyrrhic. And in such measures a dactyle or anapest may be each inverted.

But though of dissyllables any long syllable may thus become short, we have no rhythmus by which *any short* syllable can become long. Very far from it. Indeed the power of the rhythmus, even in *our* language, which has such great latitude in the other respect, is in this very much restricted. Inasmuch that, it can only, perhaps, in words of above two syllables, make final short syllables long on account of pause*.

Rhythmus

* If no greater power than this be given to the rhythmus in *our* language, which is so *loosely* tied to *quantity*, it is quite incredible—unless all analogy be dead—that it should have greater power in such languages as the Greek and Latin—except in the one respect of changing the quantity of a long or short *indifferent* syllable, as the kind of verse requires; in

Tyburis umbra tui—Tencor Salamina patremque
Vidimus flavum Tiberim retortis,

the first of these indifferent syllables, *que*, is, of a short syllable, made a long one; and the second, *ti*, of a long is made short; and such syllables are called *indifferent*—not that it is by any means indifferent how they are pronounced, but—because it is indifferent whether they be long or short in themselves; since their quantity is determined by the place they stand in:—except this, I say, and how is it to be conceived that the rhythmus should have greater power in such languages as the Greek and Latin? For they were strictly *bound down to quantity*, by invariable laws, in all their syllables: except the few arbitrary or common syllables. One of the strongest of those laws was that of *POSITION*; which our language, like most, if not all, modern ones, utterly disclaims. In our word *constrain*, and many like it, we see the first syllable is short, before even four consonants; but nothing upon earth—but barbarous pronunciation—can make short the first syllable of *constringo*. From this great dissimilitude, therefore, it is evidently impossible that the rhythmus could have greater power in the Greek and Latin languages. But, extraordinary as it may seem, we are told, and by great authority, if true, that the Greek and Latin rhythmus had greater power: and the great BENTLEY has availed himself

Rhythmus has no concern with words which are in poetry licensed to be of arbitrary measure; such as—*perfume, adverse, contest,*

of that authority, to support what appeared to no inferior scholar—his Excellency the renowned Ambassadour of Flanders—a vicious pronunciation. Let us therefore examine the weight of that great authority.

The Scholia upon Hephæstion, “Περὶ Μετρῶν καὶ Ποιημ.*” are printed, with additions, under the title of *Fragmenta*, at the end of Pierce’s Longinus; and that editour informs us, that—† “The learned, for the most part, attribute them to LONGINUS as the authour.” Now in the third of these Fragments‡ it is said, that—§ “The Rhythmus can, as it pleases, lengthen times (or quantities), and therefore it often makes a short time long.” This is the great authority. To which in reply, may it not be asked, whether these “learned, for the most part,” have not mistaken, in attributing this extraordinary assertion to the authour of the Commentary on the Sublime? Or, if the assertion were his, might not Longinus himself have mistaken? It is remarkable, that, at the end of the second of these Fragments, it is said, that, “Metre is an excellent thing, as it is the foundation of Music; the glory of which, as Homer speaks—“We have heard of only, but we do not know—Οἶον ἀκούμεν, οὐδὲ τι εἶμεν.”

In the fourth Fragment, which treats of Hephæstion’s definition of a short syllable, it is said, that ||—“The syllable *προς* is a short one; but that it is put instead of a long one, when Homer says ¶—*Προς οἶνον Πηληϊεύς*: as the foot ought to be a spondee.” This is all that is said of it. And why it is put there instead of a long syllable; or why it is made a long syllable; no reason is assigned: nor indeed does it seem necessary to assign one, after the assertion in the preceding Fragment concerning the power of the rhythmus; to which of course it must be attributed. But Dr. CLARKE, who has so very learnedly and clearly elucidated what before were the difficulties of the Homeric versification, has assigned, in his note at the fifty-first verse of Il. A. a very different, and, it may be presumed, *Doctis plerumque*, a much more satisfactory reason, for

* Page 76. Edit. Traject. ad Rhen. 1726.

† “Docti plerumque Longino adjudicant.”

‡ Page 268. Edit. 1773.

§ “Ὁ Ρυθμὸς, ὡς βέλλει, ἐλκεῖ τοὺς χρόνους. Πηλεΐδης γοῦν καὶ τὸν βραχὺν χρόνον ποιεῖ μακρόν.

|| Page 280.

¶ Beginning of the 147th verse, l. B.

contest, obscure, sonorous, &c.—Shakespeare's and Milton's medicinal, attributed, &c. was the old pronunciation, and the etymo-

lengthening the short syllable *ωπος*, in this very identical passage; upon which he says—"Quin et diphthongi quædam, etiam sine spiritu aspero, ferè tanquam duplices consonantes efferebantur: ut in—*Προς οἶκον Πληνως*. Videntur enim *οἶκος, οἶνος* pronuntiatae fuisse *Wicus, Winus*; unde Latin. *Vicus, Vinum*." Dr. Clarke could not have been ignorant of the existence of Hephæstion's book, or of these Fragments: nay, having so often quoted Longinus—using perhaps Pierce's edition, which was first published in 1724—he must have had the latter continually in his hands: and yet among all the books he has cited, he has not once deigned to mention either of these. And this appears to me a strong presumptive proof, that this great master of all the properties of ancient poetry looked upon the assertion as erroneous. In this opinion he might be still more confirmed by the following passage in Cicero's *Oraior*.—Id in dicendo numerosum putatur, non quod totum constat e numeris, sed quod ad numeros proximè accedit: quo etiam difficilior est oratione uti quam versibus; quòd illis quidem certa et definita lex est, quam sequi sit necesse: in dicendo autem &c.—together with this, in the third of his *Paradoxa*—Histrion, si paullum se movit extra numerum, aut si versus pronunciatus est syllabâ unâ brevior aut longior, exsibilatur et exploditur.—Light with darkness, surely, cannot be more incompatible, than are these words with any idea of an arbitrary rhythmus, which shall play a contradictory and ridiculous tune, *ως βελῆται*, upon the metre.

As every man may err, so might Dr. Clarke: and it is now left to the reader to choose, whether he will give most credit to our very learned, sagacious, and illustrious, annotator upon Homer, or to the unknown authour of the extraordinary and singular assertion—*Ὁ Ριθμο: ως βελῆται κ. τ. λ.*

Movere se extra numerum, was to commit a fault in gesticulation or action. Hoc est, si non commodè saltavit, aut in saltando peccavit contra leges saltationis. *Numeri* tam ad musicam pertinent, quàm ad saltationem. De musicis Virg. Eclog. ix. 45, *Numeros memini si verba tenerem*. *Moveri ad numerum* est saltare (in this place dancing) Lucret. ii, 632. *Ludunt, in numerumque exultant sanguine læti*. Grævius in loco.

De saltationum numeris, Casaubon, upon this passage of Persius, *nec cum sis cætera fossor* (i. e. ignorant) *Tres tantum ad numeros satyri moveare Bathylli*, says, *moveri ad numeros Bathylli*, est Italicam saltationem æquè bene saltare ac Bathyllus; qui cum Pylade primus Romanus

etymological one; and, if not, for that reason, the most proper, at least the most agreeable to a literary ear. *Horizon*, it is to be hoped, will never—as the usurping *medicinal* has done to *medicinal*—so “drug the possit” of *horizon* as to lay it in its last sleep. Nor, unless we were inclined to ridicule it, can we call upon rhythmus to be answerable for the fantastic vagaries and mad freaks of Doggrel or Hudibrastic, which licentiously assumes the power of making any thing of any thing.

From the above dactylic measures we may observe, that though we cannot adapt our language to general hexameter, which implies a mixture of spondee with dactyles, we might furnish—would they not tire by the repetition—tolerable imitations of dactylic hexameter; considering the great latitude allowed to the last, or, as it is called, the indifferent syllable—which in Greek or Latin may be *τε* or *que* or any thing—

Romani intulit gesticulationem pantamimorum, qui Græcis dicuntur *μουσικοὶ ὀρχεῖσθαι*. Observemus verò locutionem, saltare ad tres numeros Bathylli, pro *dis η. τρι. καλῶ; ὀρχητῆσθαι κατὰ βαθυλλον*; duos aut tres staticulos ex arte facere, & perfectè. Latini solent pro *ὀρχεῖσθαι*, dicere *ad numerum moveri*. He then instances the passage cited above, and continues thus: Inde orta illa locutio quæ numeros virtuti tribuit; ut apud M. Antonin. lib. 3. *Της τε καθηκούς αριθμὸς ἀντὶσθαι*. Stobæus in *Physicis excerptis*; *καθελθὼν δὲ εἶναι λεγόντι καθηκόν τινος ἐπιχρῶν τῷ ἀριθμῷ*; Cicero vertit in 3 de Off. *Illud autem officium quod rectum iidem appellant, perfectum atque absolutum est. Et ut iidem dicunt, OMNES NUMEROS habet*. Seneca, 71 Epist. *Quomodo veritas non crescit, sic nec virtus quidem; habet suos NUMEROS, plena est*.

We have musical modulations, as the antients had, to regulate the action of our pantomimes; why have we none for the regulation of the voice in speaking, or not even a phonascus? I beg pardon: we have had Mr. Sheridan; who, I thought, when I was his scholar, could not exemplify his own very good rules.

In the above quotations, where we see, as we may *passim*, *movere se* and *moveri* to be indifferently used for each other, *moveri*, like many other Latin verbs which are said to be in the *passive* form, as well as the *deponent*, is as perfectly a *middle* verb as *ὀρχητῆσθαι*. *Moveri* and *probari* are indeed scarcely used otherwise than as middle verbs. In our own language we frequently say, that, “*Such things approve themselves to us*,” for, “*are approved by us*.”

and

and that therefore a trochee may supply the place of a spondee at the end for the last foot, as,

Come we in pity now from the low palace of Old Father Ocean.

That we cannot adapt our language to general hexameter, is owing, as a principal cause—and more valid perhaps than others which have been assigned—to our dearth of *spondees*; occasioned by the remarkable repugnance in the genius of our vernacular pronunciation to speaking two long syllables together. It may be questioned, perhaps, if we have any word which constitutes, or will supply, a spondee; for we seem to have never, except in some polysyllables, more than one long syllable in a word, nor two long syllables together in any polysyllable. *Amen* perhaps comes the nearest to a spondee of any simple word; and next to that, some of such compounds as *forewarn*, *mankind*, *sometimes*, which, with the addition of *possess*, are by Lord Kaimis enumerated as spondees. But that they are rather iambusses, may appear, from what Macbeth says in an iambic verse; which, whatever varieties of feet it may admit in the beginning or middle, one would think ought to terminate (when it has not the additional syllable) with an iambus, or its property would be lost;

Listening their Fear, I could not say, *Amen!*

If we put here in the place of *Amen* any other word which has been reputed a spondee, we shall find the same result.

To this it may be truly answered, that, when to preserve modulation would injure the expression of passion, the former will, by a judicious reciter, be gracefully sacrificed to the latter, more than compensating the loss of melody by the energy of feeling. Thus in the above verse, though the modulation will be hurt if *Amen* be not pronounced as an iambus, yet the extreme horror, under which the speaker labours, makes it proper, as more descriptive of that horror, to pronounce it as a spondee: but this does not stamp it for a spondee in our ordinary reading, where, or in

con-

conversation, it admits of great doubt if we ever pronounce a spondee*.

Now with a language, in which if there are any words constituting spondees, they are so very few, that they must be soon exhausted, a language not having in any polysyllable two long syllables together, or that can otherwise furnish a spondee than by the help of a word ending long preceding one beginning long, or by a very significant monosyllable, or by the rare concurrence of such significant monosyllables; there is no forming, not only hexameters, but any other measure, in which spondees are required. Hence the failure of Dr. Watts, in his attempt at English sapphic—

Whēn thē fiērcē Nōrth wīnd, with hīs aīrŷ fōrcēs,
Rēars ūp thē Bāltic tō ā fōāming fūrŷ, &c.—

a measure, which, from its abounding in trochees, so plentiful in our language, might seem to promise most success; but a measure, which, after the first trochee, requires unfortunately three long consecutive syllables; to place which consecutively in English, there is so very great a difficulty, that the good Doctor, with all his ingenuity and piety, has not been able completely to overcome it in a single line. *Eheu! nec pietas moram afferet Spondæorum*—to a language too voluble and slippery to sustain them! Of the whole ode the first line is the least faulty; since with a good-natured intention of humouring the rhythmus, and a consideration of the *cæsura*, we may for once take *fierce North wind* for three long syllables: but, if a friend, upon coming into our room, and being asked how the weather is, should reply—"The North wind blows sharply"—we should be apt to smile at the undue importance given, in an emphatic lengthening, to the third of those five words, where no distinction can be suffered with propriety but in the second and the last.

* The word *Blessed* is a trochee, and *implore* an iambus; yet very devout fervour will convert them, not unbecomingly, to spondees—*Blēssēd Lord, we most earnestly implōre*, &c. So the trochees *Dearest, Fairest*, &c. may in very impassioned addresses derive a grace from being changed to spondees.

I beg pardon for this digression, and return to the article of scanning.

Taking it for granted then, that, whatever scheme of scanning be adopted, the words are not to be broken, by being read as they are scanned; I wish to say a word upon a particular method of scanning which I would recommend. Our usual method of scanning an hexameter* is into spondees and *daetyles*, of which it is said to consist. But with one little concession, that of being permitted to regard, as a spondee, the first and last syllables, which must both be long—the indifferent syllable being always reckoned so—it may be as justly said to consist of spondees and *anapests*; into which, when scanned in this manner, it naturally falls. To make this concession requires no great effort; since we are already accustomed to regard the syllable preceding the *caesura* (as we are accustomed to call that syllable *itself*) and the last syllable of a pentameter, as constituting that very foot—a spondee—for which I am a petitioner that the first and last syllables of an hexameter should be granted. The advantage is very great which this method has over the more common one, in which the rests must necessarily, after every *dactyle*, fall upon a short syllable: whereas in this, the rests—like those in Music upon long notes—fall always upon long syllables, and coincide much oftener with the verbal terminations. Now from this very circumstance of the rests falling always upon a long syllable, aided by the oftener coincidence with the ends of the words, it gives, even in the scanning, that true music or melody of the verse, with which the learner will ever after be sure to read it; and stores his memory with the quantity of every word he can remember in a verse, without the trouble of recurring to scanning. He is making a verse, suppose; in which he wishes to employ the word *senex*, which at once presents itself to him as an iambus—clear from the doubts that would beset another, from our barbarous manner of pronouncing it, whether the first

* The most general and the grandest of all measures; and with the beauties and properties of which when we are well acquainted, we shall not be satisfied without being as well acquainted with other measures.

syllable be not long—for he instantly recollects—"Fortunate *Sēnēx*"—as he has always read it, having been taught to scan it thus,

Fōr|tūnā|tē sēnēx, | ērgō | tūā rū|rā mănē|būnt!

He knows too—what another might doubt of from our pronunciation—that *tu* in *Fortunate*, and *go* in *ergo*, are both long, and pronounces them so—or there would be no harmony. *Versus æquè prima pars, &c.* Let us take another example or two.

Bār|bārūs hīc | ēgō sūm | quīā nōn | īntēl|līgōr īl' līs.

Cā|rā Dēūm | sōbōlē, | māgnūm | Jōvis īn|crēmēn|tūm.

Il' lē lātūs | nīvēūm | mōllī | fūltūs | hŷācīn|thō.

In this last verse, no less than five out of the six words are broken by the common scanning.

Āλ|λḡ δ' ᾱλ|λόν ἔθῆ|κε Θῑός | γ' ἐπ' ἰδέυ|ῃ φῶ|τῶν *.

The already quoted—

Ī|bām fōr|tē vīa | sācrā | sīcūt | mēūs ēst | mōs—

is bad enough to be sure; but no harmony is aimed at; yet since it is a verse, we ought to read it as a verse†; which it is much easier to do than many of Milton's.

Before I offer another example, I must lament the strange fear or shame by which we seem to be prevented from making an *elision* in a Latin verse, though we so frequently make them in our English verses. In the following no less than five—

"What, in th' abyss o'erwhelm'd, what is't they'd do!"

* A line which should always be accompanied by its beautiful French translation—

Il faut s'entre-aider, c'est la loi de Nature.

Another—

Il suffit qu'il soit *Homme*, et qu'il soit malheureux.

† Sit lectio, non quidem profæ similis, quia carmen est.

Quinct.

The

The elisions are made, indeed, in our language, to the eye, as they are in the Greek; and though they are not made so in the Latin—any more than in the French, Italian, and Spanish*, except,

* Elisions, not appearing to the eye, to be made in reading poetry in these languages, are those chiefly of the final *e* preceding a vowel, and in the last preceding an *e* only. Thus the *e* in *Homme* in the latter of the above French verses is elided before the *et*. For though the French final unaccented *e*, in words above one syllable, is rarely to be heard in conversation, it is not mute in poetry: unless indeed when a great master will claim an exemption from rule, not indulged to little people: so Voltaire in his *Brutus*—

Ce monarque, protecteur d'un monarque, comme lui—

where each *e* in the repeated word *monarque* is mute: but each final *e* forms a slightly or obscurely pronounced syllable in the following verse—heroic verse like the former—which kind of verse in French, though not measured by feet, but by syllables, is, in one of its structures, our anapestic, and, for that reason, the structure most agreeable to our ear—

Malheureuse, quel mot est sorti de ta bouche;

It happens that each of the four French verses, which have been quoted, is of this anapestic structure; but the natives esteem equally or superiourly some other structures, of which we, in general, cannot make equal melody.

The final *e* mute is, indeed, in our language, an innovation—inoffensive enough—and of no very long standing. For the learned Wallis, who died but in 1704, informs us in his *Grammar*, that some old people, in his time, retained so much of the Chaucer pronunciation as to say *horsè*, *housè*, articulating the *e* in words where it is now mute. Such words are still so pronounced—but with a diminutive signification—in Scotland †, where *horsè* & *housè* mean a little horse and a small house.

† Where there are so many individuals of most liberal hearts, enlightened minds, and generous sentiments, with the greatest urbanity, hospitality, and politeness, as the writer has had the pleasure to experience: and yet, at the same time, the inhabitants, collectively considered, as a country, deserve—even more, if possible, than this country—the sarcasm of Tiberius, and in the most indignant tone—O ANIMOS, IN SERVITUTEM PARATOS!

except, in the two former, with many articles, prepositions, and pronouns—the last has only *al* and *del*—yet that is no reason why we should not make them in reading Latin poetry. And an unanswerable reason why we *should* make

Gran fabbro di calunnie, adorne in modi
Novi, che son accuse, e pajon lodi—

Artful to hurt, such calumnies he raises,
Charges they are, altho' in semblance praises.

In the above pretty Italian miniature of an ugly character, the *ie* in *calunnie* are neither of them elided, but turned rather into the sound of our *ye*, making the first syllable of the anapest *ye adorn*; but the *e* in *adorne* is elided, as that also in *accuse*.

The following Spanish couplet—where the *e* in *que* only is elided—comes (in Sancho's phrase) *como de molde*—as if it were cast in a mould—for our subject; since the docile poet says—

Conociendo mi error, de aqui adelante,
Razon demanda que en otra guisa cante—

Confessing my mistake, with candid pleasure,
From Reason's dictates I shall change my measure.

The Italian and Spanish heroic measure is, the reader sees, iambic like our own with the additional syllable; (their rhymes being always double,) and like ours admitting a variety of feet: nor, if he hear a different account of it from some natives, saying, that their languages have nothing to do with long or short, and that their heroic measure is of eleven syllables, will he wonder; when he considers how many of our own countrymen—and who can read and write—would say the same of our own language and measure, with the difference only of *ten* for *eleven* syllables. If Italian and Spanish have nothing to do with quantity, the penultimates of an infinite number of such Latin words as these—common to both—*genero, sincero, candido, elido*—may be pronounced interchangeably short or long—but the speaker could not be understood. And to their eleven syllables, let an answer be given by the first verse of the above Spanish couplet, and by the third verse of Tasso—

Molto egli oprò col fenno e con la mano—

in each of which, without any elision, there are fourteen syllables; and were not *cien* in *conociendo* contracted to one syllable, that verse would have fifteen.

them,

them, is, that the verse, the hexameter verse—which admits not, like the iambic, of resolutions into feet foreign to its measure—cannot consist without it. Undoubtedly the suppression of a vowel, or of the vowel and the *m* which follows it, before a word beginning with a vowel, was as familiar to a Roman ear, as is to our ear the suppression of a vowel before a word beginning with one; or of the last syllable of the preterites, and participles past, of most of our verbs; as *whelm'd*, *lov'd*, *prais'd*, for *whelmed*, &c. This last syllable is now almost banished from our poetry; though the pages are of late, with great propriety, not disfigured with the elisions of it; since it is as well understood, as that the syllable with an *m* before a vowel should be suppressed in Latin. As the above English verse read with the elisions is perfectly intelligible to us, so, may we suppose, was, to his fellow-citizens, the following fine verse of Virgil, read thus—or nearly thus—

Mōnstr | hōrrēnd | infōrm | ingēns | cūi lū|mēn ādūmp|tūm.

This verse, thus measured, consists clearly of five spondees and an anapest—as much as an hexameter will admit—and if more be added, it must lose its quality: And this seems to be the way the nearest approaching to propriety in which we can read it; for we cannot read it with exact propriety; unless indeed we could raise an ancient Roman from the dead to instruct us about the matter of the *m*; or unless we could profit more, than we yet have done, from what Quintilian says of it—“Atqui eadem illa litera (*m*) quoties ultima est, et vocalem verbi sequentis ita contingit, ut in eam transire possit, etiam si scribitur, parum exprimitur; ut, *Multum ille*, &, *Quantum erat*; adeo ut penè *cujusdam novæ literæ forum* reddat. Neque enim eximitur, sed obscuratur, & tantum aliqua inter duas vocales velut nota est, ne ipsæ coeant.”

Every verse is immediately spoiled, where the requisite elision is not made; which, with a want of taste, shews a want of gratitude to the poet, who has been ingeniously attentive to our pleasure, in making the sound an echo to the sense, as in

Illī intēr | sēsē | māgnā | vī brā|chiā tōl|lunt;

and

and in—an onomatopoeiemenon no where to be excelled—

Tām | mūlta īn | tēctīs | crēpītāns | sālit hōr|rīdā grān'dō.

Tām, tin, tet, tis, tans—in those five syllables, all pretty closely following their leader, all beginning with the same letter, well adapted to the purpose, all long syllables, and therefore to be pronounced strongly, is the tone or tune of the tinkling, tattling, rattling, clattering, lively little leaping icy pebbles, very happily expressed—when they are, in their respective places, properly pronounced. But the pleasure of tasting what is so happily expressed, is, alas! most lamentably lost to those, who, with the barbarity of a Procrustes, curtail no less than four, out of five, of these syllables of their natural proportions; and suffer the third only to be exempt from mutilation:—depriving *Tām* of its due, because truly the next syllable is to lie at its length; making nothing of *Tin* for want of observing the elision; and shortening *Tis* and *Tans*, by converting a spondee to a trochee, and an anapest to a dactyle.

By this latter barbarous practice, the converting anapests to dactyles, how, in the following charmingly expressive verse, which powerfully illustrates the superiority of this method of scanning—how do we balk, foil, and ruin the purpose of the poet:

Ἀγιάλα̃ | μεγαλῶ̃ | βρεμέται̃ | σμαρᾶγει̃ | δὲ τε̃ πῶν|τῶς

O Reader, if thou can'st but read, wilt thou ever read again, as thou hast read before!

Does it not almost seem that those long and strong syllables, *λα, λα, ται, and γει,*

Like the “loud surges, lash the founding shore?”

Thus again in the following we convert anapests most cruelly to dactyls:

Τῆν | δὲ μεγ' ὀχ|θησας | προσῶφῆ̃ | νεφελῆ̃ | γερεῖα̃ | Ζεῦς

which is truly a grand line! for how well does the molossus *εχθησας* express the heaviness of his grief? And then, those three anapests, preceding the final syllable, what a gloriously sonorous

sonorous termination, and worthy the majesty of omnipotence do they make ! but which we, though generally managing the end of on hexameter pretty well, so shamefully mar, by converting them into dactyles, without any modulation at all ! Let us, at least, if we will not give the right modulation, give that which the wrong quantity in which we speak those four concluding words comports with that of

“ With the ãd|dĩtion of | that prẽtť | face.”

The quick passage of time is excellently well described in the true rhythmus of this verse:

Sẽd | fũgĩt, ĩn|tẽrẽã | fũgĩt, ĩr|rẽpãrã|bĩlẽ tẽm|pũs :

but the wonderful vivacity of the first four words we make “ as tedious as a king,” as Dogberry says ; reversing their measure ; destroying together the two brisk pyrrhics, with the lively choriambus ; and drawling and dragging—as up against a high hill is dragged a huge broad-wheeled waggon—thus : *Sẽd fũgĩt, ĩn|tẽrẽã fũgĩt*—i. e.—*So crãwleth, unweĩldly crãwleth*—what, “ light as the lightening glimpse,” should fly. If in the latter part of the sixtieth line of the second eclogue of our poet—*habitãrunt Dĩ quoque sylvas*—we can make, as we always do, a dactyle of *Dĩ quoque*, why should we not do with *Sẽd fũgĩt* as much ?—But what should make us laugh, even at ourselves, and our blind self-flattery, is, that we *talk*—by the rote of tradition—with admiration of that beauty in this verse, which, it is clear from our manner of repeating it, we no more *see*, than did the literally blind flatterer of Domitian *see* the size of the Imperial Turbot, which he too *talked* of with admiration, turning to the left side of the great hall of council, while the enormous magnitudẽ of the *Belua* occupied the right.

When we apply our corruption and barbarism to verses which so well deserve Sir John Cheke’s epithets of “ perfect and excellent” as the above, and these which are its rivals—

Rã|dĩt ĩtẽr | lĩquĩdũm, | cẽlẽrẽs | nẽquẽ cõm|mõvẽt ãlĩs—
Vã|de, ãgẽ, nã|tẽ, võcã | zẽphỹrõs, | ẽt lã|bẽrẽ pẽn|nĩs—
Stã|rẽ lõcõ | nẽscĩt, | micũt ãul|rĩbũs, ẽt | trẽmĩt ãrĩtũs—

there is indeed one thing that we may see; and with more humiliating evidence than upon less occasions: we may see, that—without reading in any measure at all—we most unfeelingly counteract the genius and the felicity of the highest poetical powers.

The agile and archly-wanton beauty, Galatea, we ungallantly and clownishly transform to a clumsy, heavy-heeled Dowdy; by saying of her in contradiction to the poet—*Et fugit ad salices*—and so make her, according to Martial*, our own Galatea: but if the poet, who formed her very differently, had happened to say of her—

Malo me Galatea petit *nunc*, *nunc* fugit inde—

we should as readily have twanged the *nunc* *fugit* as the *D!* *quoque* into a dactyle. Ay, but one of these *fugits*† is at the beginning of a verse, and the other at the end. A wide difference of

- * Quem recitas meus est, o Fidentine, libellus;
Sed malè cùm recitas, incipit esse tuus.
Quid, recitaturus, cicundas vellere collo?
Conveniunt nostris Auribus ista magis.

† A learned friend, to whom this Chapter was read in manuscript, was, very judiciously, pleased to bid the writer note here the *grammatical* as well as *prosodical* assistance which would accrue to learners, from reading according to quantity, by its distinguishing to them at once the tenses of a numerous class of verbs, like *fugit*, *legit*, *venit*, &c. which, in the third singular of the preterite, differ from the same person of the present in quantity alone. Hence too, in point of *taste* as well as *grammar*, they would derive no small advantage. Many beauties, in all the poets, and, above all, in Homer and Virgil, depend upon the transition from one tense to another in the same narration. In the fifth book of the *Æneis*, the description of the rowing match, lively and beautiful throughout, is, by one of these particular beauties, highly animated and adorned. For, the describer, in setting before our eyes, in the most picturesque manner, the astonishing velocity of the conquering boat, which had received an impulse from a Deity of the Sea, says, in terms suited to what that divine energy might produce—“Than the Wind or winged Arrow more swift is the shooting to Land, and has hid herself far in the Port.”

Impulit.

of place ! which, for so wide a difference of pronunciation, is surely a sufficient reason—in the judgement of that royal umpire, who, in preference to the God of Music, gave the palm to Pan.

He

Impulit. Illa Noto citiùs volucrique fagitta
Ad terram fugit, et portu se condidit alto.

Now as the boy, who shall have this in his lesson, has been taught, with all the impartiality, at least, of Jove, it must be confessed, if not with all the wisdom, (*Tros Rutulusve fuit*) nullo discrimine habere whatever dissyllables may be candidates for being pronounced by him, and to turn them all to trochees, every soul of them, even though there be among them the dignified *Sēnēx*—*Rex Jupiter omnibus idem*—he will naturally pronounce *fugit* as a trochee, as well as *terram*, and *portu* likewise, with *Noto* into the bargain—Oh murdered Metre ! and of the most exquisite kind !—how would the authour feel, if he could hear our idiotic barbarism ! how grieved, that, by those who can taste his sentiments, his melody should mercilessly be destroyed !—he could have made the line a run of dactyles if he pleased, like *Radit iter liquidum* ; but his admirable judgement saw, that, the spondees were necessary, for the straining exertions of the rowers, who, notwithstanding the divine impulse, of which they might be unconscious, had not relaxed their utmost efforts, still

————— creber anhelitus artus

Aridaque ora quatit, sudor fluit undique rivis—

there again will be a fine verse put to death, by trocheeizing *quatit* and *sudor*, and neglecting the elision—the boy, I say, will naturally pronounce *fugit* as a trochee, as naturally construe it in the preterite, to accompany *condidit*, and, very unnaturally, make the poet, by the loss of this beauty, as flat and cold, as do Sternhold and Hopkins the glowing Psalmist. The Jupiter, his master, indeed—if it be at one of our great schools—will, as the best amends for his neglect of this weighty matter of the law of Helicon, explain and display the beauty to him, in the best manner. But, as the best leading-strings can by no means be so good for a child as going alone, how much better for the boy—at the same time that it would consult the ease of the master—how infinitely better would it be for the boy, to be enabled, by being taught to read by quantity, to discover beauties for himself ! And to a youth, advanced to the head of a great school, or

He would of course make the same distinction, likewise, between a couple of *quoques*—*habitârunt Dî quôque sylvas*—and

Tu *quôque* littoribus nostris, *Æneia* nutrix—

thus converting the finest verses in the world into such things as are neither fit to be heard nor—with such abuses—to be read! Whereas the most ordinary verses—such as any one might write—*quales ego vel Cluſtenus*—may, by a graceful recitation, be heard with more applause than they will be found to deserve upon perusal.

“Tes vers sont beaux quand tu les dis,

“Mais ce n'est rien quand je les lis;

“Tu ne peux pas toujours en dire;

“Fais en donc que je puisse lire.”

Ποιῆσον | δ' αἰθρῆν, | δὸς δ' ὄφ' ἰθάλμοι' σὶν ἰδεσθαί,

Ἐν | δὲ φαῖ | καὶ ὀλῆσ' σὸν, ἔπει | νύ τοι εὐ|ἄδεν εἰτῶς.

Lūc|tāntēs | vētōs, | tēmpēs|tātēs|quē sōnō|rās.

Had we been taught to scan these lines thus, and by holding ourselves more loosely from the influence of our vernacular

entered at his college, if he has any taste, and should adopt the recommended reading—which has Fairy power—to such a youth, at every step he takes, at every glance he casts, on classic poetic ground, what new beauties, what new wonders, new glories, will present themselves, courting his admiration!

“Thou art a Scholar, speak to it, Horatio!”

Thou wilt find—what is not to be met with every day, Horatio,—thou wilt find in it, as well, a sweet companion, *delectare domi, pernoctare tecum, peregrinari, RUSTICARI*, as an exception to the general truth, of which, happy they who are not feelingly persuaded! and which is so well expressed in this couplet by Mr. Keate:

It is the cheat of every worldly joy,
To tempt, when distant, but, possessed, to cloy.

pronunciation,

pronunciation, been accustomed *readily* to pronounce a *spondee*, we could not have been insensible to the beautiful artifice of their measure; any more than to the same skill in the two following very justly famous verses—

Δεῖ|νῇ δέ | κλαγγῇ | γένετ' ἄρ|γυρῆσι|ὅ βίσι|ὅ—
 Δῖγ|ξέ βίος, | νεύρῃ | δέ μῆγ' ἰ|αχῆν, ἄλ|τὸ δ'οῖσ|τὸς.

Here follows another famous line—

Quād|rūpēdān|tē pūtrēm | sōnītū | quātīt ūn|gūlā cām|pūm

for ever in our mouths, as an argument for Virgil's happy talent at making the sound an echo to the sense, when at the very time—

“ *With Midas' ears committing short and long* ”—

we are actually making no less than three barbarisms against the sound!—converting again, as usual, the iambic and pyrrhic to trochees, and the anapest to a dactyle. And it is well for us that the first word has a syllable too much for a choriambus; or we should mangle that too, as we do every choriambus—like *Αγλαῶ* and *interea* above—making it a second peon (rēsōlvērē) instead of a choriambus. But so reasonable and consistent are we, that if it has an enclitic—though we know that it alters not the quantity of the word it leans to—making it like *quadrupedante*—as *Αγλαῶτε*, *Temporibusque*, &c.—a dactyle and a trochee, we pronounce it rightly; and *because* it is a dactyle and a trochee, i. e. both ending *short*.

But the paucity of the errors, in any verse that has yet been instanced, may seem as nothing, in comparison of those which we make in this,

Ūt | jūbār ex|īmīum, ūt | Sūpērūm | nītēt æ|thērīūs | Sōl!

Observing here, that, not only when we pronounce a short syllable as a long one, but when even we pronounce a long one rightly, it is the cause, from the strong disinclination in the genius of our vernacular pronunciation to speak two long syllables together, of making short the long syllable which precedes it; as the reader may be convinced, if he will attend

to the manner in which he pronounces—without the enclitic—the words *Αγιάων, interea, Temporibus*; for he will find that he lays so much stress (where there ought to be none) upon the *second* syllable of each of those words, that he lays none (where it ought to be) on their *first*. So in *Tam multa in testis*, because he pronounces (rightly as it happens) *mul* as a long syllable, the preceding *Tam* is deprived of the equal share of importance which he should give it; and that for this reason we pronounce the *ut* short instead of long in both places of the line we are considering, where we wrongly lengthen the succeeding *ju* and *Su*; observing this, I say, and reckoning for one fault, the neglecting to elide the *um* of *eximium*, we shall find the faults we commit in this verse to amount to twice the number of its feet, or a round dozen*! For thus we read it—

Ūt jūbār ēxīmīum, ūt Sūpērūm nītēt æthēriūs Sōl!

Here are made only the marks of such quantities as we think proper to give to the syllables of this verse, without any attempt at, what, with such reading, mocks all attempt, the dividing it into feet.

The

* We have already seen, in the quotation from Cicero, p. 21, what would have been the fate of a poor actor, if he committed a fault in gesticulation, or—*si syllaba UNA brevior aut longior*—i. e. if he pronounced but a SINGLE syllable a shade shorter or longer than it ought to be; and not, as we do, long for short, and short for long—faults so very barbarous and gross, that they could not be supposed to be committed by any one who was received as a public performer. But he would have been hissed off the stage, if he had not made a very wide difference from us, in his pronunciation of, for instance, *patre* & *matre*, supposing the verse required *patre*—where the *a* preceding a mute followed by a liquid might have remained short—to be pronounced, as *matre* must, a trochee. We pronounce them both, except as to the prepositive, exactly alike. Yet the *a* in the former, being naturally short, must, when it is capable of being made long by position before two consonants, effect that length by attracting to itself the sound of the first of them very strongly; as the *o* does in our word *body*: while the *a* in *matre*, like the *o* in *boding*, being naturally long, will have its openest

The great advantage of the method of scanning, here offered to any one who will adopt it, has been proved by experience. I have seen a boy under twelve years of age, who had been taught at home to read his Homer and Virgil in this manner: and in each of them he could get a very good lesson without ever making a single error in regard to quantity. This led him to the same attention to every one of the Horatian measures; in which, as it was very easy for any boy to be, he was equally perfect. He had been acquainted indeed at the same time, lest he should be punished afterwards for doing right, with our usual manner of reading; which, from the great pleasure and the beauty that he found in the contrary practice, he held in high derision. Yet upon being sometimes bid to read so, that by proving the bad

openest and longest sound, independent of any help from the consonant it precedes. Our ear instantly informs us that the single *e* in *bode* is equal in length to *oo* in *food* and *mood*; that it is longer than *oo* in *good*; and still longer than *oo* in *flood* and *blood*. Every boy knows, as Quintilian says, that a short syllable is of one time, and a long syllable of *two*; i. e. requires twice the time in the pronunciation. Now it may not be unuseful, perhaps, to consider a time as divided into a number of smaller parts—suppose *ten*. A short syllable then consists of ten tenths, equal to one time; and a long syllable of twenty tenths. *Sed longis longiores et brevibus breviores sunt syllabæ*. In the verse spoken of above, for instance, where the actor might have to pronounce *patre*, as well as *matre*, a trochee, the syllable *pat* is perhaps one of the least long, and *ma* one of the most long, of long syllables; the *a* in *matre* representing the Greek α , perhaps the longest of their vowels. For we are told—what we have neglected, like many other things, to profit from—that the sound of the syllable *Bn* was that of the bleating, or as we otherwise call it, more descriptively, the *baaing* of a sheep. The skilful reciter then will naturally give, of our imaginary divisions of a time, less to one, and more to the other, of these syllables, than the exact measure of a simple long syllable. Supposing this an extreme case, of a shortest and a longest long syllable, he might give perhaps to *pat* only fifteen tenths, and to *ma* twenty-five; and so in other cases, according to the demand; seventeen and twenty-three, or eighteen and twenty-two, &c.; keeping due proportion; in order that the times of the whole verse might not be injured.

he might hold fast to the good; and being reminded that these *new-fangled* notions, as they may be called, though they are really old ones, would not be tolerated in our public schools, he could read as badly, when he chose it, as the first master of the first school in Great Britain; or, at least, as badly as the master reads to his boys, or lets them read to him, whatever he may be pleased to do in private. Our youngster could even bring himself to say—though he could not help laughing—

“ νῆφελῇ γερῆταΐ Ζεὺς.”

CHAPTER II.

IN the foregoing Chapter the reader has seen, that, some notice has been taken of faults committed in the Sapphic, Asclepiad, and Alcaic measures; and much more of those committed in hexameter: but the measure in which of all others we are most criminal is the Iambic. If our barbarism in other metre be a murder, it is a *paricide* in This; for it is our own: as we may quickly be convinced. For surely the following verse of four feet, when it is rightly read,

Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Declares a metre born at home:

And so will any Greek or Latin iambic, whether longer or shorter; as we shall find in a few more examples, accompanying their sense in similar measure in English.

Ades

Ades, Pater Supreme,
Thy head with Glory beamy !

With Glitter and with Names what fufs !
Fortuna non mutat Genus.

Lenefque fub noctem fufurri,
When Lads to meet their Laffes hurry.

Mufæ, forores Palladis, lugent,
And, " Murder'd Metre !" fwells their loud lament.

Θρονειν μεν οι ταχεις, εκ ασφαλεις—
They tread, for firm ground, on the flipperry ice.

Ουλος κραλειςτος εσ' ανηρ,
He whom the world fhould moft revere,
Ος'ις αδικεισθαι πλεισ' επις'αλαι βρολων,
Nor is to wrath entic'd, or quits his Godlike tone.

Ξυν τω δικαιω γαρ, μεγ' εξεσ'ι φρονειν,
And force united dare, tho' Earth and Hell combine !
To jog thro' life with glee, this maxim fix upon—
Ει μη κρεα παρη, τω ταρικω σ'ερκ'ιον.

Ισην εχον'ες μοιραν ε' γινοςκομεν,
Or as a Pimple flight what is in truth a Wen.

Αλλ' εσ' αληθης η βρολων παροιμια—
Wife is indeed the child that knows its own Pappa.

Ει μοι γενοι'ο παρθενος, καλη τε και τερεινα,
I'd envy not or Persia's King, or Emperor of China.

Ανδρες φιλοι, και δημ'οι, ερασ'αι τε πονειν τε,
O rouse ! and rid yourselves of faults, that do so closely twine t'ye !

Impune quidvis facere, munus Regium—
So Memnius cry'd of old, but wiser times may come.

Heróes ! before this truth, how faints your faded ray—
NISI UTILE EST QUOD FACIMUS, STULTA EST GLORIA !

Quis

Quis hoc potest videre, quis potest pati *,
That custom vile should sense and melody defy !

Malum quòd isti Dì Deæque omnes duint,
Who first the Custom vile, Coin counterfeit, did mint !

Beatus ille qui, procul negotiis,
Can to sweet Lore apply, and live in letter'd bliss !

Now

* Jam verò in Iambicis versibus, præsertim Latinis, quis iambum ullum percipiat ? Cujus tamen pedis repetitione tota eorum versuum venustas constat. Solent enim pedagogi vulgò ita suos erudire, ut in omnibus dissyllabis penultimam producant. Itaque sic recitant hunc Catulli versum—" *Quis hoc potest videre, quis potest pati !*" Ego verò *putidam* istam pronuntiationem miror quendam esse posse, qui possit audire, qui possit pati. Etsi autem hic error legendis versibus faciliùs percipitur, *nihilò tamen est minor in oratione soluta* : de cujus numerosa compositione frustra apud Græcos Aristoteles, Dionysius, & alii doctissimi homines, frustra Cicero et Fabius apud Latinos, præceperunt, si Tonos cum Temporibus confundamus. Quid igitur ? dices. Nempe hoc postulo, aut *Ratio* potius *ipsa flagitat*, ut acuatur syllaba cui tonus acutus imponitur ; æquabili aut depressiore sono proferatur quæ gravem habeat ; partim acuuntur, partim deprimantur, quæ signantur circumflexo ; sed ita ut (quemadmodum Musici solent in suo illo quinque linearum diagrammate) SOLÆ LONGÆ SYLLABÆ PRODUCANTUR, SOLÆ BREVES CORRIPIANTUR, sive tolli, sive deprimi, vel æquabiliter pronuntiari oportuerit. Tonorum enim & Temporum quàm *diversa* sint officia, *diversum* quoque usum esse par est. Neque tamen nego brevi syllabæ temporis aliquid accedere quando acuto signo signatur, quantum scilicet necesse est in acuenda syllaba consumi. Sed ut minùs sit brevis quam antea, minimè tamen consequitur habendam pro longa ; sicut ab iis haberi solet, qui *malus* arborem a *malus* adjectivo non distinguunt. Item ut longa syllaba non acuatur, tamen longa esse non definit, quod non observant qui ex *εὐνæ* dactylum constituunt. Rursum verò quamvis quæcunque syllaba circumflectitur, ea etiam naturâ longa sit, quia tamen multæ sunt syllabæ naturæ longæ quæ non circumflectuntur, tonus circumflexus a temporibus sic distinguere debet, ut ille quidem altitudinem ac depressionem, i. e. circumductionem, hoc verò longitudinem solum metiatur ; i. e. ut circumflexa syllaba ita producat, ut simul initio acuatur, deinde sensim deprimatur, sicut facere solent Musici, cum uni syllabæ duas quas vocant breves,

Now what in the name of wonder should prevent our reading the above Greek and Latin lines with the same modulation as the English with which they are associated in similar measure? The two first words of the last line *Beatus ille*, as they happen luckily to end short, we can indeed, though we give them no modulation, read well enough as to quantity; but with the two last words, ending long, what shall we do? Why to be sure we must make them short too! And so the term—*prōcūl nēgōtīs*—constituting three iambuses—is to be converted into—*prōcūl negotīs*—a trochee and an amphibrachys!

But with these remarks on the *sound* of Greek and Latin verses, let us, that they may not seem to be *Nugæ canoræ*, mix a little consideration of their *sense*.

A pragmatICAL Frenchman, many years ago, who had resided some time in England, and had long been studying English, told a friend and countryman, as he was taking a walk with him in the park, that he had quite mastered the language; could pronounce the *ch* and the *th*, and had likewise got the melody of our verse; at least of the principal measure, the heroic; which consisted, he said, of ten

breves, unam altiore, alteram depresso tribuunt: ceteræ verò longæ, siquidem aduto signatæ fuerint, tantum acuantur; sin autem gravi, æquabiliter producantur. At enim, dices, ista sunt perdifficilia, et fortassis etiam *adversala*, his quidem qui diversæ pronuntiationi assueverunt. Id ego verò fateor; et in meipso non invitus agnosco. Sed nihil vetat rectam viam aliis ostendere, etiam ut illam ingredi non possis. Certè veritas mihi dissimulanda non fuit, ut paulatim meliora probare et sequi condiscamus. Ego, ut liberè dicam quod sentio, vel tonos prorsus sublato esse velim tantisper, dum depravata illa pronuntiatio Tonorum pro Temporibus emendetur (quum præsertim veteres constat istos apices in scribendo non usurpasse) vel nullam earum rationem haberi. Cuperem autem in eorum locum, alterum ex temporibus in tribus illis literis ancipitibus, *æ*, *ι*, *υ*, substitui et diligenter adnotari. Hoc ego, inquam, ut fiat, suadeo; quòd nullam aliam veræ restituendæ pronuntiationis rationem habeam aut meliorem, aut promptiorem; paratus tamen de mea sententia decedere, si quis certiora docuerit.

Adolphi Mekerchi, de veteri et recta pronuntiatione linguæ Græcæ Commentarius. Brugis Fland. 1565, p. 166.

syllables—which he might have learned from Dr. Johnson, or Lord Kaimes, or many another titled and untitled authour*—and, as a specimen, he gave him the first couplet of the Essay on Man. In repeating this, he pronounced the family-name *St. John* (a trochee with us) as he would the name of the beloved disciple of our Lord; and consequently made it an iambus: he made likewise another little alteration in each line: but still kept religiously, both to the meaning of the poet, and to his ten syllables—counted perhaps on the ten tips of his eloquent fingers, which had each a tongue. In the following manner, then, esteemed by his friend, who had made less proficiency, to be *parfait*, did he pronounce the couplet, speaking every word very distinctly and intelligibly, though with somewhat of a foreign accent:

Awake, my *St. Jean*, leave all *the mean things*
 'To low ambition, and *pride of the Kings*.

Now this poor Frenchman, who did no more than utterly confound the measure, the iambic measure, may perhaps be treated with a contemptuous simile by some teacher, i. e. *Doctor—docendus adhuc*—or, as it is a syllable less, we will call him *Doctor Dedocendus*†—who instructs his scholars, or at least suffers

* But not of Mr. Peter Walkden Fogg, of Stockport, in his "*Elementa Anglicana*;" for he would have taught him better.

† And besides, if he be one of the tutors in our universities, or masters of our great public schools, the appellation *Dedocendus* is much more applicable to his character than *Docendus adhuc*, implying a want of instruction; which is so far from being characteristic here, that, on the contrary, he is highly qualified to give instruction, and most excellent instruction, even to the learned, and much more to him who is presuming to arraign his practice in pronunciation—the sole point on which it were to be wished that he was *untaught*. We might then have the pleasure of being able to apply to him, literally, the figurative and proverbial locution we have seen in the citations from Cicero and Seneca—*habet suos numeros, plenus est*—and say, that he is a full and perfect scholar. This is indeed so much to be wished, for his own credit, for the credit of our country, and for the benefit of the rising generation, that, would he deign to read it, no reasoning in the power of the writer that would have a tendency to

suffers them—because he himself was suffered—to say præcū negotiis; and equally to miscall and disfigure a thousand other words! Alas, alas, how plain it is—

Ἰσὺν ἐχούλης μοῖραν ἔ γινώσκωμεν,

Or as a Pimple slight what is in truth a Wen!

For the barbarism of the deriding Doctor is indeed a Wen, in comparison of the Pimple of the poor Frenchman; with whom he has nothing in common, except utterly confounding the iambic measure. Now the iambic is of all measures the most usual in the Doctor's language, but it is not usual in the language of the Frenchman; his failure in it therefore is much less an object of derision. But, above all, the Frenchman had the merit—the first of all merits in language, whether poetical or prosaic—to be understood: so that a hearer who barely was acquainted with the language, though he knew nothing of the writings of the poet, could not have been at a loss for the meaning. How infinitely then is he superior to Dr. Dedocendus! For to a hearer who understood the Greek and Latin languages, speaking both with proper quantity, but knew nothing of the writings of their poets, the meaning of the words would by the Doctor be annihilated or falsified, throughout every page of their immortal works.

A similar instance to that of *Victor equus*, noticed by my Roman instructor, occurs in Horace's description of the manners of a youth; who, he says, *gaudet equis*. This our Doctor would pronounce—*gaudet aquis*. How happy would be many a hoary sire, that his son and heir, "Young Hopeful"—as it seems the humour to call those of whom we have no hope—should take pleasure in *just things*—which in poetical language may well mean *Justice herself*, the Queen of all the virtues—rather than in *Horses* and in *Dogs*.

to effect it, either serious or ridiculous, should be unemployed: and especially the latter; which, as it has by a good judge of it, been declared effectual—*magnas plerumque secare res*—to decide momentous disquisitions, would of course the more easily determine the minuter question we are now discussing.

The mention of a hoary fire naturally suggests—but by a concatenation that our Doctor is not aware of—*Arma virumque cano*: which makes, when read properly, a complete sense; but, to the hearer of Dr. Dedocendus, who would pronounce the first syllable in *cano* long, no sense at all. “Arms and the man”—would the hearer be muttering within himself in search of a meaning—“Arms and the man with”—for *cāno* can be no other than the dative or ablative of the adjective *canus*—“with, or by, or to, or from some hoary man or beast or thing of the masculine or neuter gender!”—in short, he must give it up, fairly puzzled by a riddle which he cannot solve: as he must likewise give up

Massylique equites et odora *canum* vis—

unable from the adjective *canum* (as it must appear to him) to smell out the accompaniment assigned by the poet to the Massylian hunters.

Penelope, in the impatience of her love for her long absent lord, writes to him, in this pentameter—*Nil mihi rescribas, attamen ipse veni*. A pretty measure we make of this pentameter! Perhaps we mean by it to reverse in part our errors in hexameter; which are made chiefly at the *beginning* or in the middle. But in pentameter, after being not right perhaps at the beginning, and certainly not, in the middle, we are always sure to be wrong, most completely and perversely, at the *end*—converting to a trochee or dactyle the terminating anapest or iambus. And in consequence of this practice, which our Doctor will not fail to follow, his hearer will be as much puzzled as before. For he finds, that, a lady says in her letter—“*Do not write to me any answer, but*”—but what? Why—some man says (*ipse* being masculine) some man says—“*I am come myself!*” For *veni*, with the first syllable long, must be the first person of the preterite of *venio*.

Or should Dr. Dedocendus think to amuse his hearer by relating to him the justly-admired stroke of wit of that accomplished orator and provident politician, who, before he so feelingly foretold the mischief and misery of a wicked
and

and absurd crusade, made in the senate a most singularly-happy use of

ομικλήν

Ποιμεσιν εἰς φίλην, κλεπτήν δὲ τε νυκτὸς αμείνω,

he would but make him stare, and wonder what he could be laughing at: for by his mispronunciation of the substantive κλεπτή—i.e. which the whole felicity of the application dwells—the hearer is presented with a verb in the imperative (κλεπτή) commanding some one to “*steal a Mist or Fog*”—in which he must be more clear-sighted than a lynx if he can discern a pleasantry with so fine a point.

But this pure stupidity of puzzling pronunciation would soon tire the poor hearer, if the Doctor did not a little enliven his communications; and, since he cannot give the good things of others to be understood, give some good things of his own. This, we shall see, the good man will do, and with the truest charity, not letting his right hand know what his left does, and reverse the scene, making his hearer laugh, whilst he shall himself, unconscious of the joke, be grave.

The scene might open with his reading the incensed Demipho's imprecation against Phormio, quoted before in the iambs—

Malum quòd isti Dī Dæque omnes duint!

This would surely divert his hearer by making it appear, that, the angry old gentleman, instead of invoking the vengeance of the deities, is beseeching them—the first syllable in *Malum* being pronounced long by the Doctor—to reward the rascal with an APPLE*!—to shew their fondness for him to be sure:

* And here were the imprecation of Demipho, or any similar one, to be expressed in prose, Dr. Dedocendus might be represented by no less a personage than—in a brother Doctor—the great BENTLEY; who, quoting this line, tells us, that, though it was allowed, in the first and last part of dramatic verses, to pronounce *Mālūm*, or any other iambus, as an iambus; yet, that, whoever should have done so “*in communi sermone, DERIDICULO FUISSET!*”

for

for Lucian, in his *Toxaris*, says, that *Apples* were employed as tokens of *Love*; and that Chariclea, to shew Dinias how much she was taken with him, sent him *Apples* marked with the impresson of her teeth. And in Theocritus, and in Virgil, after him, we find

Βαλλει και ΜΑΛΟΙΣΙ τον αιπολον α Κλεαρισθα.

MALO me Galatea petit, lasciva puella †.

A laughable effect must result likewise from our Doctor's reading to his hearer this line of the *Odyssey*—

Ητοι εβω τα εκασθα λεβων ελαροισι πιφαισκειον.

In

* A pleasant friend, who read these pages before they went to press, observed here, that, in such a situation, a gallant might be thus encouraged,

Tu ne cede MALIS, sed contra audentior ito.

But how would a pupil, by the great annotatour, *Heyne*, have been encouraged, who should make the gracious queen of Carthage, in a speech replete with pathetic benevolence, terminating with this six hundred and thirtieth verse of the first book of the *Æneis*—

Non ignara Mali, miseris succurrere disco—

shew that her heart was affected by the misfortunes of her hearers, because that she herself had, alas, experienced, what it is to—
MUNCH AN APPLE! That excellent scholar, and good man, noting this six hundred and thirtieth verse, says—in a spirit worthy the authour of it says—“*Nobilissimus versus; gravissima sententia; cujus, cum v. 628, 629, vi percepta, si adolescentem non voluptate GESTIRE videas, nœ illum a poetæ lectione statim abigas, Juadeo.*”

The following passage from Shakespeare is part of a speech, replete, like queen Dido's, with pathetic benevolence, from no less than a king to a most reverend archbishop:

—————If Intreaties

Will render you no remedy, this Ring

Deliver them, and your Appeal to us

There make before them. Look, the good man weeps!

Now

In which, his pronunciation, more powerful than Circe's wand, will make a transformation most farcical in *him* who could alone withstand the power of that enchantress upon her captives. For he will convert the wise and eloquent prince of Ithaca—the divine man—ὁ δῖος Οδυσσεύς—μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν—to the veriest blundering bog-trotter: for, pronouncing λείων as ληίων, he will most barbarously make him say thus—Arrah, now, my dear Jewels, ye noble Phæacians, to my companions was I telling all those there things ceasing to speak, or holding my tongue, now!

Yet still more perhaps might his hearer be diverted by our Doctor out of the *Iliad*, in this verse,

Οὐ γὰρ εἶω σέω φημι χερείοτερον βροῖον ἄλλον.

For here the same wise and eloquent hero, in his wrath against that disgusting, worthless wretch, *Thersites*, very naturally tells him, that, he does not think there can be *a worse mortal*. But the hearer, unless he be a very phlegmatic one indeed, must needs be tickled at the idea of what a *Tid-Bit* *Thersites* must have been. For the Doctor, by pronouncing βροῖον like βρώιον, will, ^{un} favourily make the hero tell him, that, he does not think there can be *a worse thing to eat*. By the same barbarism, he would, in the noble sentiment of Menander—quoted also before in the iambus—make his hearer think, that, Οὗτις ἐπισιτῆναι βρώιον, must mean—Whoever is a good philosopher of the *Cænatic* sect; and, consequently, that, ἀδικεῖσθαι πλεῖστον, is, the having his repast ravished from him and being sent supperless to bed. So, ἡ βροῖων παροίμια, instead of being called, as it is by Sophocles, “The proverb of *Mortals*,” will, by him, be called, The *Gutling* proverb.

Now—as a case in point—that it may be most ridiculously, most detestably, most heinously burlesqued, as is, in our mouths, that “*nobilissimus versus, gravissima sententia*” of the Roman Shakespeare—for APPEAL, read APPLE!

And yet the syllable *peal* in *appeal* is not so long as *li* in *mali*, which, though made the shortest by us, is the longest syllable in that verse, for a reason to be seen in the third Chapter.

But

But there are errors of a more serious nature. How indignant would be the shade of Virgil, the most modest, reserved, and chaste of poets, could we suppose him conscious of the horrible falsifications made by such a Doctor in the meaning of his mellifluous lines!—more horrible than even the conclusion of the cento of Ausonius! But Ausonius was not bishop of Bordeaux, as supposed by the good Trithemius; and he composed those falsifications in his cento at the command—the most powerful of commands! at the desire of his most sacred majesty, Valentinian; as he says himself;—*Quodque est potentissimum imperandi genus, rogabat ille qui jubere poterat, Sanctissimus Imperator Valentinianus.* Had Dr. Dedocendus such a plea to offer for his falsifications; or, as Ausonius had, any ingenuity to excuse them, I would, in tenderness, not have touched at all upon a subject which I shall but slightly touch.

The modest Virgil, then, gives a most beautiful description of the birth and progress of the passion for her hero in the breast of the gentle Dido; who, like the gentle Desdemona, “with a greedy ear devoured his discourse, and loved him for the perils he had passed.” These were at once the varnish of his tale, and likewise of his most high and engaging qualities, for ever in her mind. For Virgil gives us to understand, that, she was always revolving in her love-sick mind “The great VALOUR of the man”—*Multa viri virtus animo recurvat.* Now in this most harmless expression, does our dreadful Doctor, by his manner of pronouncing the second word of it, make the gentle Dido to be always revolving in her love-sick mind—Oh, ye Graces!—“*The great Power of his VENOM!*”

Disillat ab———VIRUS.

Upon so very ticklish a subject, let it suffice to have given the above single instance; which, it is to be feared, may suggest to the reader but too many other instances of a similar, or of a grosser kind; tending to utterly deprive our authour of his exclusive praise of modesty. Even at the very threshold of his volume, when barbarous pronunciation destroys the poet's concord of the adjective *patulae* with the tree, and most indecently

indecently and shamefully makes it with the man, a hearer must naturally be expecting as delicate a dialogue, as that which passes between Comatas and Lacon in the fifth idyllium of the broad-mouth'd, Πλαύτασδων, Syracusan bard. Nor are the works of Virgil the only ones thus scandalously misrepresented; for there is not a single page throughout *any* of the immortal works, from which we have been giving instances, but what will be found to swarm with such absurdities and such villanies in the mouth of such a Doctor, who, at the end of an iambic verse—the commonest of all measures in his native tongue—says *procul negotiis*. And yet this man, casting behind him all thoughts of the monstrous bag which hangs there, looks with derision into the little poke of his Gallic neighbour,

Who bad his St. Jean leave all the mean things
To low ambition and pride of the Kings.

For the sake of order, it were to be wished, perhaps, that, to prevent the offences of such Doctors *contra bonos mores*, as well as their high treason against the most elegant majesty of Apollo, they could be comprehended in the acts of parliament for the promotion of silence, lately presented to us, in the absence of the real representatives of the people, by the faithful commons of their Sanctissimus Imperator: or, if that cannot be done, that the term *procul negotiis* might become a *Shibboleth*; and that no parent would put his child to a Doctor who pronounced it wrong; in order that such gentry, having no boys to misteach, might be kept themselves—to the strictness of the letter—*procul negotiis*. *Procul, procul este profani!* Though this indeed, it is plain, regards only the Doctors, such as they are, of certain academies, as they are called, who hold out offers of learning, such as it is, as other Doctors hold out health, in the Advertiser; and can have nothing to do with our Foundation-schools; those excellent charities, which are so well managed; where we are admitted by favour, and have our education, according to the intention of the founders, so honestly and honourably fulfilled, without its costing any thing at all; as the Fathers

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of

of the collegers at Westminster and Eton are all able to testify—or ought to be.

From the above few out of the myriads of instances which might be given of the sense being annihilated or falsified by barbarous pronunciation, we may see, that, when Juvenal says—*Nil refert tales versus qua voce legantur*—the expression *qua voce* is by no means equivalent to *quo metro, qua quantitate, qua lege*. That *Nil refert* manifestly alludes to the rustic boy, by whom only, that every thing might be of a piece, the poet had before told his friend Ponticus he should be waited on, at the frugal repast to which he is invited; and this boy was to read to them the *dubiam facientia carmina palmam*. This poor rustic boy could not have had the advantage of being instructed in the management of his voice by a Phonascus, like the rich and great, with whom it was an essential accomplishment—*dabat assidue phonasco operam*, is told us of Augustus—and consequently could not know the *carmen* of these *carmina*, or any thing else of the elegant and captivating manner of reciting them. *Nil refert*—it matters not—verses so sublimely good will be pleasing even from the untutored voice of a rustic boy; supposing only, what *must* be supposed, that he knows how to read them with proper *quantity*—or he cannot be understood.

But upon the article of iambics, there is yet a most curious and dainty circumstance to be remarked. How much soever we may chuse to degrade and disfigure Horace in his iambics, —though indeed scarcely more than in his other measures—still there is one book, and but one book, which we are not only suffered but even taught to read according to quantity; and that book is *Anacreon*. In the very first line of it we are taught to say

Θῆλῶ λῆγεῖν Ἀλρεῖδας,

but which two poor iambuses, are, with all their kindred, every where else, barbarously disfigured, by having their natural proportions forcibly reversed, and being set, with insulting ridicule, the head where the heels should be; as the participle present of *λεγειν* in the above quoted

Ἡτοι ἐγὼ τὰ καλὰ λεγὼν κ. τ. λ. where we make such sweet Irish music *.

A mighty concession indeed of the barbarians, in thus withholding their ravage from the beauties of the metre in the tiny tome of the Teian bard!—that Cupid of a Βιβλιαριδιον—“Βρεφοῖς εἰμι, μὴ φοβησάι”—No; thou little Darling of the Damsels of Pindus, afraid of thee! no; it is surely thy brief stature, thy forlorn dimensions, thy tender infant form, which have excited their compassion, to guard thee from the assaults † made on the more robust, full-grown, muscular members of that republic, to which thou, like a jewel in the ear of Cupid's mother, art a beautiful though minute appendage—so minute that to deprive thee of any thing, would be to leave thee nothing—

* The Winchester music, of “*Dulce Dōmum*”—though it affords no pleasant equivoue like the badly pronounced λεγὼν—will be laughed at by the Wykehamists in time. There must be time for every thing. In time, it is to be hoped, we shall get rid also of the barbarism of national reflections; and cease to talk of the blunders of the Irish, who shew that they are less blunderers than our sapient selves.

Dublin and Paris have, indeed, by good judges, been long esteemed to have more of the tone of Athens than the Metropolis of that country,

“Where, nursed in ignorance, characters abide,
And local likeness feeds their local pride.”

† Is there not some Magic, some Fairy charm, some secret talisman in the tiny tome, that has preserved it? Give one of us to read—*Deus lyræ genus nunc*—and though he be told it is a verse of iambic measure, he will read it—as I would lay a wager he has already—as barbarously as he does in Horace, what are likewise of iambic measure, *Deus, Deus nam me vetat*, and, *Fortuna non mutat genus*—if indeed he has not met above with a little help in the latter. But now give him these same words, *Deus lyræ genus nunc*, only cloathed in a different character, and but tell him, that, they are supposed to be ANACREON's—Presto, be gone!—All away ye horrid, barbarous blunders!—directly will he read these same words, not only without his former faults, but with a fluent and graceful iambic modulation, thus, Θεὸς λυρῆ γένος νυν!

If this be not Magic, Reader, how shall we qualify it?

Μη νερμσα βαιοισι· χαρις βαιοισιν οπηδει·
Βαιος και Παφης επλεβο κερως Ερως.

Ridiculous as is this reason for the favour with which *Anacreon* is exclusively honoured by us, it should seem, from our ridiculous practice with the other poets, to be the only one that can be afforded.

But in this exclusive favour which we shew the Teian, a mighty concession is *truly* made; for it amounts to no less than an acknowledgement, that, in ancient language, every dissyllable, without exception, is NOT a trochee; but, that, on the contrary, there are, in truth and reality, certain dissyllables in ancient language, as well as in our own modern one, which constitute the foot we call IAMBUS!—an acknowledgement, it must be confessed, which could never be reasonably expected from a nation which pronounces as trochees, such words as *γερων* and *senex*; the one with a short vowel in its first, and a long one in its second syllable; and the other—subject to the law of Position—with a strong double consonant for its termination!

Now the reason—as it is pleasant to find or to make a reason for every thing—the only reason that can be seriously assigned, as the cause of this error in which we have been so long held captive—to the strange perversion of the dictates of taste and sense, and of all practice in modern language—seems to be founded in a *system*, the idlest of all idle systems which were ever entertained in the idle brain of man. Yes, a system seems to have been formed upon its having been said by Quintilian and the old grammarians, that, in Latin words of two syllables, the first was always distinguished by, forsooth, the ACCENT. The acute accent. And as, at the revival of learning, Latin was preposterously taught—as it still continues to be—before that language from which it is derived—going up against the stream, instead of down with it—it came to be supposed (though there is no such rule for accenting dissyllables in Greek) that what was applicable to one, in regard to the mistaken pronunciation, was applicable to the other language; and that if we say *Dēus*, we must say Θεός also; and, if every word of two syllables must be terminated *short*,

so—upon as good reasoning as any in the system—must of course all others.

Now of the ancient manner of reading with *Accent*, it may be roundly asserted, I believe, that, speaking for the *Many*, we know absolutely nothing. But it seems generally agreed, that it was distinct from quantity*. Melancthon, Erasmus, Beza, and Gerard Vossius, give particular cautions against confounding Accent and Quantity together. Nay, I believe, we ourselves now, all, or with very few exceptions, allow that there is nothing in common between Quantity and Accent; how much soever we may have perverted the word *Accent*, in our use of it in our own language, to denote *Quantity*, as well as the tone or sound of voice in the cadence of words and phrases: thus turning it from its etymological and original signification, as we have so many other words, and, among them, very remarkably the word *Loyalty*. This word, *Loyalty*, has a very fine meaning—that of an attachment to the *Laws*, the *unwritten laws*, of Fidelity, Probity, Honour, and Conscience—in the language from which we take it; and from which indeed we take, except what is of Northern origin, almost every thing in our own

* It is indeed decided that *quantity* was distinct from *accent*, by the unquestionable authority of Cicero; in this passage of his *Orator*, where he so clearly speaks of them as distinct and separate things:—In versu quidem tota theatra exclamant, si fuit una syllaba brevior aut longior. Nec verò multitudo pedes novit, nec ullos numeros tenet; nec illud quod offendit, aut cur, aut in quo offendat, intelligit: & tamen omnium longitudinum et brevitatum in sonis, sicut acutarum graviumque vocum, judicium ipsa Natura in auribus nostris collocavit.—Nature—which seems to be used here for *habit* or *custom*—so nearly allied to it †—placed in their ear a discernment of all lengths and brevities in the sounds or quantities of syllables, as well as of the acutenesses and gravities, or, of the elevation and depression of the voice, in *accents*.

† *Consuetudo, deinde Natura.*

Quinct.

“Custom, it must be confessed, is a second nature with us”—said a friend in conversation with Fontenelle: “Very true; (replied he) but pray tell me what is the *first*.”

lan-

language*; even the very terms with which we begin our Accidents—*Noun* and *Tense*—into which we have converted the *Nom* et *Temps* of our masters † in the career of learning. The word *Accentus*—from *Accinere*—and that from *ad* and *canere*—meaning a rule for the regulation of the voice, in singing, declaiming, speaking—was not in use, any more than its verb, in the good age of the Latin tongue. Cicero uses for it, *sonus vocis*, as in this passage of his *Orator*, in which too he employs *inflexus* for what we call *circumflex*: *Mira est quædam natura vocis, cujus quidem e tribus omnino sonis, inflexo, acuto, gravi, tanta sit et tam suavis varietas perfecta in cantibus; est autem in dicendo quidam cantus obscurior, &c.* But Quintilian and the old grammarians say, forsooth, that in dissyllables the accent was always upon the first; and that is sufficient, *SI DIIS PLACET*, to make us—following the barbarous examples set by those who had more authority than science—say of a good old man, what no hoary Roman could have understood, *Bônus Sênex* ‡. Such examples indeed might

* And in many instances where it is as little suspected as in the word *Cates*; which *Dr. Johnson* says, is “ of uncertain etymology; *Skinner* imagines it may be corrupted from *delicate*; which is not likely, because *Junius* observes that the Dutch have *kater* in the same sense with our *cater*.”

But *Cates* is plainly and simply the French word *Quêtes*—things sought—*querere*, *quæsitum*, *questum*, *quæstor*, &c.: and nice, luxurious food very naturally became the signification—

“ Of *Cates* by land and sea farfetch'd and sent.” *Raleigh*.

† Πολλοὶ μαθηταὶ κρείττορες διδασκαλῶν.

‡ So then, according to our account, the poor Romans had not one poor iambus to bless themselves with—nor spondee neither; if in dissyllables the last was never to be long! But how does this accord with what Cicero says? *Magnam partem ex IAMBIS nostra constat oratio*. Or with Quintilian? *IAMBUS ex brevi & longa*. Or with Horace? *Syllaba longa brevi subiecta vocatur IAMBUS*. Now the veriest dabbler in *Profody* knows, that, though every word does not constitute a metrical foot, yet that every metrical foot is constituted by some word; and therefore if those authours speak of their having such metrical feet in their language, it must have words to constitute them! Why, yes, they had some iambuses; but no one ever used them as such; for, if he had, he would

might naturally enough be followed at a time when they could not excite any wonder: for it was at the time when the revival

would have become a laughing-stock. Well but, by the maxim of *De non apparentibus*, they might as well have been without them! No; but they did use them as such too—sometimes—very rarely indeed—and only when they could not possibly avoid it; for, in fine, to speak all dissyllables as trochees, and the LAST syllable in EVERY word SHORT, was the very GENIUS OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE. So says our LEGISLATOR in critical matters, the very learned Dr. BENTLEY *. “*Latinis comicis qui fabulas suas populo placere cuperent magnopere cavendum erat, ne contra LINGUÆ GENIUM ictus seu accentus*—[these words, *ictus*, or, *ictus vocis*, *accentus*, and the verb *acuere* are always applied by our Doctor to the making a syllable long]—*in quoquo versu syllabas verborum ULTIMAS occuparent. Id in omni metro, quoad licuit, observabatur, ut in his, Arma virūque cāno, &c. qui peritè et modulatè hos versus leget, sic eos, ut his accentibus notantur, pronuntiabit; non ut pueri in scholis, ad singulorum pedum initia, Italiām fatū, &c. Totum autem hoc, quod de ictu in ultimis syllabis cautum fuisse diximus, de secunda tantum trimetri διποδια capiendum; nam in prima et tertia semper licuit; siquidem ista sine venia conclamatum actumque erat de Comœdia Tragœdiaque Latina. Cum igitur hunc versum similesque apud nostrum videris,*

Malum quod isti Dî Deæque omnés duint,

cave vitio id poetæ verteris; etsi *Malum* illud et *omnés* si in communi quis sermone sic acuisset [should make long] deridiculo fuisset. Nimirum aures vel invitæ patienter id ferebant, sine quo ne una quidem in fabula scæna potuit edolari. Quin et Græcos ipsos eadem tenuit necessitas, eadem passa est indulgentia. Euripides et Aristophanes, in

Δελόν γενεσθαι παραφρονεῖς δεσπότης,

et in

Ἡκω νεκρῶν κευθμῶνα καὶ σκοῖα πύλας,

idem admiserunt, in *Δελόν* & *Ἡκω*, quod noster in *Malum* & *omnés*; ipsi enim priorem acuunt. [What has that to do with *quantity*, which is the question here? *Δελόν* and *Ἡκω*, placed as above, must

revival of learning, from darkeſt night of groſs ignorance, was only in its dawn:

Οὐὼ το καλον εἰπαππῖη τε Μεῖρα,
Οὐὼ καλεκραῖησεν ἡ Χυδαῖοης.

But

be both ſpondees, however they are accented.] In ſecunda διποδια hoc non licebat"—which the Doct̃or confirms by the following curious quotation from Aulus Gellius, book xviii, chapter 15, —with this remarkable title—" *Quod M. Varro in versibus observavit rem nimis anxix & curiosæ observationis:*" this title, as it does not make for his purpose, the Doct̃or had no business to give us—a remark equally applicable, as the subject is *quantity*, to the quotation itself, which is as follows—"In senariis animadverterunt metrici duos primos pedes, item extremos duos, habere posse singulas integras partes orationis, medios haud unquam posse; sed constare eos semper ex verbis aut divisis, aut mixtis atque confusis."

This sample of the paralogisms of our good Doct̃or will, I believe,—without his "RHYTHMUS, teste Hephaestione, METRO POTENTIOR—be sufficient for the reader who shall have perused with approbation the transcript from Mekerchus, in the note p. 40; and others will not be very ready (whatever we lay before them) to allow that there can be paralogisms in what IPSE DIXIT. But how can such a reader account for the very wide difference between the two critics? No otherwise, it should seem, than by supposing the Fleming to have hearkened to Reason only; and that the English critic was under the dominion of, what alone could on this subject have obscured his superior abilities, the spirit of SYSTEM. Let a man be once thoroughly possessed by this spirit, says an Arabian proverb, and he may take—a more extraordinary *quid pro quo* than that of our Doct̃or—a piece of the freshest Sandal wood for a Flame of Fire. That such was THE GENIUS OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE—with that of the GREEK ALSO—was the *system* of his country, when the Doct̃or entered the world. It was the system he was taught; the system professed by his predecessors, by his contemporaries, and, perhaps, on his authority, the more tenaciously held to by his successors. What but the spirit of system could so blunt the perspicacity of that eye to the enormous absurdities to which it leads? How otherwise was it possible that BENTLEY should not see, when his hand was marking the acute accent (to render it long, in *his* idea) over the first syllable of *cano*,
that

But that those examples—to which currency was afterwards given by the two great supporters of Error, Ignorance and Time—should still be followed by those whom the *day* which

that he was converting it from a verb to an adjective? And, that, if the same hand had not made a similar stroke over the last, instead of the first, syllable of *Malum*, what was designed by the poet for a curse, would have been burlesqued into a word which carries with it a direct contrary meaning? But for this unclean spirit of system, HE, who was himself so fitted to be a Coryphæus, would never, like a *Mutton*, have thus followed the flock, in scrambling over all the fences of harmonic order. We are told by Whiston in his Memoirs, that when Dr. B. was courting the lady who was afterwards his wife, he had nearly lost her, “by starting to her an objection to the book of Daniel: as if its authour, in describing Nebuchadnezzar’s image of gold to be sixty cubits high, and but six cubits broad, knew no better, than that men’s height were ten times their breadth; whereas it is well known to be not more than six times; which made the poor lady weep.”—Had he possessed as much knowledge of the proportions of a verse, as he did of the human figure, he would never thus have destroyed the beauty of melody.

For the great services which Bentley has done to letters—except always the article of *Metre*—“I do honour him on this side idolatry as much as any:” and I am happy to agree with the very learned and elegant authour of “An Analytical Essay on the Greek Alphabet,” that Pope’s envy led him to treat Bentley with great illiberality and injustice; because he eminently excelled in a most useful art, in which Pope was himself unskilled. Pope failed most egregiously and shamefully in his edition of Shakespeare, and therefore passed the latter part of his life in a state of bitter hostility with *verbal criticism*: And we may well suppose that his bitterness was not a little augmented by the following smart censure on his publication:

When learned Critic comments on
What obscure authour writes,
He thinks the business featly done,
If he strikes out *New Lights*.

Then thine is Praise most high, no doubt,
Most wondrous Meed, thy due,
Who strik’st not only *New Lights* out,
But all the *Old* ones too.

has succeeded the dawn of the revival of learning has in other respects enlightened, may well excite, not only wonder, but astonishment; with perhaps a little seasoning of indignation at a practice so unworthy of ourselves.

The barbarous practice has indeed been aided in this country by the genius of our vernacular pronunciation; which, as was observed by my good instructor at Rome, has certainly a rage, *una rabbia*, for trocheeizing and dactylizing: whilst our next neighbours run as furiously into the opposite extreme of iambufizing and anapestizing. Hence they say *vĕrtū, ōrăteūr **, &c. which—to be even with them in an odd way—we, taking all Latin and Greek words from them, trocheeize and dactylize to *vĕrtuĕ, ōrătoūr, &c.* whence we have the penultimates of such words as the last, so contrary to ancient

* The French owe this pronunciation to their having taken the far greater part, perhaps two thirds, of their language from the Italians, dropping always in many words the final syllable, which is frequently dropped too by the Italians, who take all Latin words in the ablative case—*oratore, virtute, &c.*—and with the Latin quantity of the penultimate, which the French caught from them, as the quantity of their final syllables—preserved too in the Italian contractions—*vĕrtū, &c.*—and which has been changed by us from the rage above mentioned. In all Italian words ending in *ore*, an obscure sound of *u* is heard mixed with the *o*; whence the French terminations have in them the *u*, which ought always to be preserved by us; for the sake not only of etymology, but of sound; for in the last syllables of *honour, favour, &c.* a fuller sound of the *u*, than of the *o*, is heard. We may be convinced of this by pronouncing to ourselves these questions—"What did you do *that for*? an *honour*? a *favour*?" The words "*that for*" (as here placed, and supposing no emphasis upon *for*) form a trochee like *honour* and *favour*, and the last syllable of that trochee terminate; as it has been of late a written custom—more honoured in the breach than the observance—to terminate the other two: but it requires no acuteness of ear to distinguish a considerable difference in the sound of the termination *or* from that of *our*; the latter not being to be more distinguished from *ur*, than terminations in *ous* are from *us*—*barbarous, ridiculous, &c.* and therefore if it be too much trouble to write "*honour, favour, &c.*" it would be more consistent with etymology and with sound to spell them with the *u* alone—*honur, favur, &c.*

But

ancient quantity *. And so much greater is the caution of John Bull to avoid a foreign iambus than a foreign foe, in all his just and necessary wars—though war is the monster next to corruption which he has the greatest cause to dread—each tending to beggar and enslave him—and though the authour of the inimitable “TASK” says most sententiously, what should be bound as a phylactery upon the arm of every one who can feel its force, that,

“WAR IS A GAME, WHICH, WERE THEIR SUBJECTS WISE,
“KINGS COULD NOT PLAY AT—†

So

But Innovations merely ridiculous are of little consequence.

I should insert the *u* in *Astor*, *Doctor*, *Editor*, and all that can plead the longest prescription in barbarism, but that he may offend, who seeks even propriety itself beyond certain limits—

Ultra quam satis est virtutem si petat ipsam.

* “We pronounce *St. Helena* from *Ελένα*, and *Idēa* from *Ιδέα*—words which, in passing into the Roman language, carried their acute with them, and retained it on the penultimate; though the Latin method of accentuation would naturally have carried it back to the antepenultimate. Several of this sort are mentioned by Aldus in the vocabulary prefixed to Statius, and by Servius in his notes on Virgil.” Foster.

But we know that the *quantities* of these words remained the same in Latin as they were in Greek—*nam fuit ante Helenam*; whence it is plain that they owe their long penultimates in modern language to that most unhappy mistake which was made, at the revival of learning, of taking accent for quantity—that *teterrima causa* of our so disfiguring Grecian and Roman beauties!—but which yet charm us, with all the imperfections which our barbarism has heaped upon their heads! One among our many inconsistencies is, that to this same name *Helena*, when it is not preceded by the title Saint, we give the ancient short penultimate.

† ————— “A determin’d Spirit,
By ancient learning to th’ enlighten’d Love
Of ancient Freedom warm’d”—

in the very eloquent and most respectable authour of “*A Sequel*, &c.” published in 1792, charms us with a most animated prayer, too gloriously, too divinely glowing with philanthropy,

So cautious, I say, is John of meddling with a foreign iambus, that, shew him what outlandish dissyllable you please, he

to be addressed to the *averted* ear of "the Creator of men,—to abate the pride, to assuage the malice, and to confound all the devices of ALL the parties, directly or indirectly, to be leagued, in the complicated scene of guilt and horror—the threatened crusade of the ruffian despots!" But a considerable diminution is made of the great pleasure with which he affects us by these "*Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,*" when we find, that, in the same piece, he differs so widely, not only from the above quoted excellent man as well as poet, but so widely also from his excellent self, as to "see much to *lament*, and much to *condemn*, in the ungracious act of wrenching from the [then] crown [of France] the splendid prerogative of making war!"—which prerogative is, in fact, to have the lives and properties of the community at its disposal!

A wider difference surely cannot exist between Bentley and Mekerchus, or between Mr. Locke and Sir Robert Filmer, than between this authour and himself! There can be no more doubt of his good sense and philanthropy than there is of his learning; and he must assuredly be proof against religious or political superstition. To what *system* then can be ascribed so glaring an inconsistency? Did he fear, that, were this splendid prerogative to be wrenched from crowns, even the world itself could not contain the children that should be born, and therefore *lament* its *impolicy*? Or, because war will thin their numbers, in the most effectual and comprehensive manner, reversing the course of nature, causing parents to bury their children, instead of children their parents, did he regard it as one of God's *providential arrangements*, and therefore *condemn* the *wickedness* of checking its career? This would be far from imputing to him unfashionable ideas. They are in unison with the doctrine which on the thirtieth of January, 1793, was preached before the Peers by a learned prelate; who was honoured for it by their noble Lordships, adopting and avowing that doctrine, by an unanimous and solemn act, in which, on the motion of the Metropolitan, they express their thanks to him, and their desire of the publication of his sermon. The preacher of it, indeed, it must be confessed, does not appear to have any great notion of measure*. LAUDED,

* Οὐ δ' ἀγαθὸν αἰσῶν Μίσρον ἰσχυρὸν εἶναι.

Coulthurst, ο: Theognis. Aut Erasmus, aut Diabolus..

he will be sure to pronounce it as a trochee. Nay, bring him home, yourself, what outlandish dissyllable you please, and endeavour to teach him that it is an iambus, by ringing in his ear your own incessantly-repeated pronunciation of it as such; it does not signify; *laterem lavas*; or perhaps better, proverbially still, in another language, *Vous lavez la tête à l'Anc, pendant la lessive*—for John will have it for a trochee still. Of this an instance, amongst others, is apparent in the word *Nabob*, the title, we are told, of a magistrate of great dignity in the East, which is pronounced by all our countrymen, who have sojourned there, invariably an iambus. But John, having got

however, he certainly deserves to be, on other accounts, for, “*God, to his own secret purpose, (says this amiable and pious divine) directs the worst actions of tyrants, no less than of the best and most godly princes. Man’s abuse, therefore, of his delegated authority is to be born with resignation, like any other of God’s judgements. The opposition of the individual to the sovereign power is an opposition to God’s PROVIDENTIAL ARRANGEMENTS.*” Then neither Nero nor Domitian, nor even Captain Bagshot, highwayman and murderer, nor Robespierre †, nor Carrier,—since it is certain, that God, to his own secret purpose, equally directed their actions, and the Devil had nothing to do with them—then, I say, according to this doctrine, these distinguished personages, and favoured instruments of Heaven, ought not to have been taken off. Nor, according to this doctrine, is it possible, but that, upon a late appearance of the arrival of a *providential arrangement* amongst us, viz. our being visited with FAMINE, those busy individuals who successfully opposed that arrival, by the importation of a great quantity of corn, must have acted wickedly; as they must have done likewise by opposing the spreading of the *providential arrangement* of a PESTILENCE. Now among the chief causes of the thinning of numbers—that they who remain may have a little more elbow-room in the world—are *famine, pestilence, and war*, these three; but the greatest of these is WAR; as it comprises in itself the beneficial effects of the other two: *ex præmissis igitur*—

† Who has been well characterized in a parody of Beaumont and Fletcher:

The tyrant Robespierre
Shall be the vile comparative for Rulers
To boast and whiten by.

more

got this poor Nabob, without his guards, into his own barbarous power, if he does not use him quite so ill as upon Shrove Tuesday he was wont to use his cocks*, he will at least set *him* too, with insulting ridicule, the head where the heels should be, and, by forcibly reversing his natural proportions, strip him of the feather in the cap of his dignity.

From this almost horror which we seem to have to the pronouncing rightly any Greek or Latin word ending long, a stranger might be led to think, what is by no means the case, that we have no anapests or iambuses of our own. Of the former indeed we have not many; but, *apprehend*, *immature*, *acquiesce*, *opportune*, *serenade*, *overheard*, *condescend*, *evermore*, may serve to shew that we are not without an anapest; and so musical a foot, that those of them thrown here together without any connexion, almost seem to form a song, that

more wickedly still would they act, who should oppose the raging of the *providential arrangement* of WAR, by wrenching the splendid prerogative of making it from the crown—in which of course every wife and good man must “see much to *lament*, and much to *condemn*.”

“La Famine, la Peste, et la Guerre, (said a sprightly neighbour,) sont les trois ingrédients les plus fameux dans ce bas monde. Les deux premiers de ces présents nous viennent de la Providence; mais la Guerre, qui réunit tous ces dons, nous vient de l'imagination de trois ou quatre cent personnes, répandues sur la surface de ce globe, sous le nom de princes ou de ministres; et c'est peut-être pour cette raison, que dans plusieurs dédicaces on les appelle LES IMAGES VIVANTES DE LA DIVINITE'.”

* Heaven be praised for having put it in our hearts, to put away from us, at last, that national reproach—as cowardly as it is inhuman—of tying to the stake, a gallant, gay, and noble creature, to be thrown at with cudgels, till he expired in agony and torture under the fractures of his frame! Come, who knows what may happen? To *ῥαυσιον τις οἶδε*; Nil desperandum! As a sense of duty and propriety has at length led us to abstain from one barbarous and wicked practice, who shall say, that the same sense shall not lead us to abstain from another—ay, and from another, and another? And having done—to our great credit—with *shying* at cocks, as the phrase used to be, why may we not soon come to have done also with *shying* at *iambuses*?

might

might serve a young Gallant with his guitar to a green girl—at least as well as the “Song by a person of Quality.” And though the bulk of our dissyllables consists of trochees *, yet,

* Another point of dissimilitude between the English and the Latin languages ; in the latter of which Cicero says, that, iambores abounded. One very natural reason, indeed, why there should be more words ending long in Latin than in English, is, that the terminations of its cases are for the most part long ; and that too, naturally enough, for distinction's sake ; as for example, to distinguish whether one spoke a word, as *lyra*, simply, or with accessory ideas to it. These accessories are with us supplied by prepositions. Thus, *of* a lyre, *to* a lyre, *with* a lyre---*lyrā, lyræ, lyrā.* *Dominūs, dominī, dominō.* And though the *is* in the genitive of the third declension is short, the *i* in the dative and ablative, when the latter ends in *i*, is long. *Manūs, manūs, manūi, manū.* In the fifth, all are long. And yet to pronounce ALL dissyllables as trochees, and the last syllable in EVERY word SHORT, with the exception only of some particular circumstances or situations, was, according to the system of our Legislator, THE VERY GENIUS OF THE LATIN TONGUE ! and in which character of genius as it is proclaimed by our practice, that of the GREEK is comprehended ! Now whoever can believe THAT, must feel as imperiously *le Besoin de croire*, as he who memorably exclaimed--CREDO QUIA IMPOSSIBILE EST. So unnatural and monstrous, from all we know of modern tongues, is the idea of a language whose every word shall end invariably short, with a monotony which must make it so abhorrent from being worked to numbers---and yet to what numbers have the Greek and Latin been worked in the *Ilias* and *Æneis* when properly read !---that this really seems to have been one of the most extravagantly absurd of human errors.

“ Nescio quomodo,” says Cicero, “ nihil tam absurdè dici potest, quod non dicatur ab aliquo *Philosophorum.*”---Sed nescio quomodo it is, that *disciples* have been found, to swallow their absurdities ; and to go on, from age to age, gulping them down, without ever putting to themselves the simple question, “ *Is it fit to be swallowed?*” Or is the sensorium like the stomach, of the *Implume Bipes*, by an abuse of its faculties, fitted to receive---according to Diphilus, in his witty epigram upon *Master Gaster*---Τα πάνθ' ἐαυτοῖς ἔθεν ομολογούμενα---such monstrous and incongruous things, as would be rejected by every quadruped but a *Swine* ? From this consideration perhaps it was, that the biped came to be collectively characterized in the notorious manner, which the following quatrain celebrates,

yet, to make some amends for the dearth of spondees, there are iambuses in plenty. Suppose yourself now, my gentle reader, to be in conversation with a man from a distant region, immediately upon his arrival in this country, before he had time to correct his error, who had learned his English, as we do our Greek and Latin, by books; and imitating in English our practice in those languages, should from some misconception, or misinformation, or bad example, pronounce short all the last syllables of our words: and that upon some point in which he thought you were erroneous, he should write as follows for your inspection—for by writing must your conversation be carried on; by word of mouth you could no more understand him, than in the given instances the hearer could understand *Dr. Dedocendus* *—

“ Sir, it would be a sincere delight to me to opine with you; but, depend upon it, you commit a mistake; let me prevail upon you to make a mature research upon the affair in debate between us; it will requite the regard you bestow.” Then if we suppose that you desire him to read it to you—as you would probably have done by what passed before, in order to discover why you could not so well understand his spoken as his written language—you would find, that, it is his

celebrates, by a man who, once upright, and faithful to his genius stood; but is now cast down, alas! by

“ MAMMON, the least erected Spirit that fell
From Heaven !”

Milton,

Well did'st thou christen them, in scorn sublime,
A *Swinish* multitude, that swills and doats;
In their now passage down the stream of Time,
They swim as *Swine*, who, swimming, cut their throats.

* *Dr. Dedocendus* has been since made a bishop. by the interest of *Justice Midas*, for his zealous exertions to extirpate pagan melody; when, at the same time, for his great store of learning, elegant and solid—such contradictions are for Thee alone to reconcile, O MIGHTY SYSTEM.—he is worthy the patronage of APOLLO!

trocheeizing the iambuses, which converts it to as ridiculous a jargon as

“The celebrated contrōvērsy of a Tobācōnist with an Undērtāker on the Fūnēral of an Apōchēcary:”

for, the above words, when read by the stranger, must strike your ear as follows:—

“Sir, it would be a since ber deal it to me to hopping with you; but, day-penn’d up on it, you comet a mystic; let me pray-vale up en you to make a matter ray-search up on the half-air in debet Bett win us; it will rake-wit the ray-guard you best-hoe.”—

Subrides, quisquis es? De TE, loquente Græcè vel Latine, fabula narratur: that is, if you have given no more attention to quantity in Greek and Latin, than you were instructed at your school to do, or at your college. “Instructed at your school, or college,” may perhaps be too indiscriminately said: as there may be schools and colleges which have teachers of better practice than the writer knows of: of all such teachers he humbly craves pardon*; and begs, that, in respect to *them*, he may be allowed to say of the strictures in these pages—

IX-

* He has the great pleasure to be informed, that, one of these teachers, of whom pardon is craved above, is the Rev. Mr. Collier, fellow, and one of the tutors, of Trinity-college, Cambridge; and another, the Rev. Mr. Stock, master of the foundation-school at Gloucester: but to neither of whom, will he, upon this subject, presume to give praise, lest it should be construed to affront. For how, upon this account, can they, with a grave face, be praised? Shall we praise them, for instance, because they shew that they are not without—what every one ought to have—Reason of their own; in obedience to which they have ceased to follow the flock, which led their boy-hood into blunders, following Bentley, (of great merit in other respects) raised to a bell-wether in Prosody without desert? Or, because they are no longer seen to have a disgraceful though natural infirmity—*το μίμνεσθαι*? Or, in short, because they have—O wonderful—

“Put off the Monkey, and brought out the Man!”

all which would amount but to this negative praise, bordering upon ridicule, that they cannot be said to be—what a witty

INDICTA SUNTO: for—expressing himself after the candid Foster, who expresses himself after the candid Horace—he would always wish to have every unjust censure as far from his pages, as it is from his intention. And if he mixes up ingredients which may be thought too drastic in the draught for others, still it is not the fault of his intention, but of his judgement. For he thought, that, by nothing but strong doses, was there a probability, or even possibility, of loosening from its seat, in any degree at all, such a long and deep-fixed malady—such a systematically fixed one as this cough of cacophony, upon the lungs; which he cannot flatter himself that his best efforts will be able to more than loosen, and by no means to dislodge. That must be left for a more skilful and—if the cough is to be *cajoled* away—less drastic Doctor to perform.

misanthrope said the mass of mankind are—“ *Des singes qui ne sautent que pour des noix, ou bien dans la crainte du coup de fouet.*”

Amongst the inhabitants of this country, who, of all the animals which are said to be at the head of the monkey-tribe, have been generally esteemed to approach nearest to what should be the human character, there must be surely more such men, who deserve, upon this occasion, to be named. And if the curiosity of others, to look at that from which they are beforehand determined not to profit, should be great enough to bring it to a second edition, the names of such men, if the writer be informed of them, shall certainly appear.—And if such a thing should happen—of which indeed he can be but cool in his expectation, as that he be so happy to find he has been able to convince any teachers, who had not hitherto thought upon the subject, their names also shall certainly appear.

CHAPTER III.

PAUSES, the use of which has been adopted for the ease and benefit of a freer respiration, and the improvement of harmonious modulation, require from us some consideration; at least as far as regards our present purpose; for they are of great consequence in reading poetry—indeed of no inconsiderable consequence in prose—and will tend to corroborate some of the arguments in the foregoing Chapters.

The rhythmus of every verse demands a pause, or suppression of the voice, at the end of it, to shew that it is the end; though the sense be carried on, and without a marked stop, to the next line: and the syllable preceding such a suspension of voice as is requisite at the end of a verse—for a semi-pause may be made after a short syllable—is naturally made long, where the kind of verse requires it*; though it be not of importance in itself.

In our own language, in words of above two syllables and dactylic terminations in the kind of verse which requires a long syllable at the end—as almost all our verses do—setting

* In—

Vidimus flavum Tiberim retortis—

and the like—though the verse ends with a short syllable, as most of the Horatian measures do—in dactyles or trochees—and though the sense is carried on without any marked stop to the next line, there should be a semi-pause or suspension of the breath after *retortis*, to shew that it is the end of the verse.

aside the additional short syllable, admitted for double rhimes or in blank verse—dactylic or trochaic measures being very rarely used—a short syllable at the end becomes long, as in hexameter, on account of the pause. Thus in—

Find out the peaceful hermitage—*it is long: for in itself*

hermitage is a dactyle; but the rhythmus here, in lengthening a short syllable on account of pause—its sole power—requires it should be an amphimacer; and we pronounce it so with propriety; as we do, when they are so placed, all words of similar terminating quantity. Put *hermitage* in any part of a verse where there is no pause, and it re-assumes its natural quantity—

Find out the peaceful *hērmitāge* of blifs.

So natural is that quantity, that should any one make an amphimacer of *hermitage* in prose, he would—I will not say, as Dr. Bentley does of him who should pronounce an iambus rightly—be a laughing-stock—but he would certainly shew himself to be a vulgar person.

Τομή, τμήμα, κομμα, *cæsura*, *incisio*, or *incisum*—for they have all been used to express the same thing—all mean a *cutting*—a cutting of the verse into parcels, of two or more. Of that word in this number of them which we commonly employ, *cæsura*, we are wont, elliptically speaking, to give the name to the syllable itself which precedes the *cæsura* or pause; and which name, authorized by this customary figurative manner of speaking, I shall use. We are wont likewise to talk—by no figure but that of absurdity—of that syllable's being as it were *detached* from those which precede it in the word it terminates; because, forsooth, that syllable begins the succeeding foot. This is an error we have been led into by the common method of scanning, or by an ill-founded notion of reading according to scanning; which, whatever the scanning be, would ruin every thing, and make Pope appear to be speaking to his footman, instead of a distinguished peer—

Awake, | my Saint | Jōhn, leave | all mēa|n'r things.

All pauses must be at the end of words; though some writers have spoken of pauses in the middle of them: but they would have said more properly that some one syllable may often be, with grace, particularly marked. It has been observed that all harmonious pauses fall, according to the common scanning, in the middle of a foot; and hence an hexameter has been divided into twelve half-feet; the feet being, in that measure, all equal one to another; for the two short syllables of an anapest or a dactyle are but equal to one long one, and consequently an anapest or dactyle are but equal to a spondee. To those half-feet after which the chief pauses generally fall, have been given the names *tribemimeres*, *penthemimeres*, *hepthemimeres*, *ennehemimeres*, and even *endecahemimeres*; formed of the numerals *τρις*, *πεντε*, &c. & *ἡμι-μερος*, the half part of any thing, from *ἡμισυ*; and *μερος*. To enquire into their various merits, or the comparative beauty of verses according to their structure as to pauses, is not here my business; which is that alone of shewing, that, from a part of the doctrine of pauses, a simple fact or two may be most clearly and forcibly established.

The most general seats of the chief pauses are, after the *penthemimeres* and *hepthemimeres*, or fifth, and seventh half foot; and, of the two, incomparably oftener after the former than the latter. The following beginnings of poems, by the greatest masters, have (as the before-noticed "*Nona ignara mali*, &c.") the pause after the *penthemimeres*: in making the half-feet and quantities of which, I shall of course follow the method of scanning which reason and harmony concur to recommend. For as this method makes the first half-foot to consist of the first syllable of the verse (always long in hexameter) it consequently makes the chief pauses to fall always at the conclusion of a foot—so infinitely preferable to the common, detaching, mangling method. The chief pauses will be marked by a double stroke, thus ||, and the fainter by this single stroke |.

1 2 3 4 5
 Μῆνιν αἰεῖδε, | Θεῶν, || Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος—

1 2 3 4 5
 Ārmă vîrūmqŭē cănō || Troiæ | qui primus ab oris—

1 2 3 4 5
 Tītŭrē | tū pătŭlæ || recubans sub tegmine fagi—

In these verses, which have the chief pauses after the penthemimeres, the syllables *α*, *no*, and *læ*, are those, in each respectively, which we call the *cæsura*, and which are, for that reason, the *longest* syllables in each. Now, exclusive of the chief pause in each line above, we know, that, the syllable *α* is long, because it holds the place of an *n*, the longest perhaps of the Greek vowels; that *no* (though the *o* is arbitrary, as in other first persons of verbs) must be long here, because the poet has been pleased to make it so, by the place he has given it; and that *læ* must be long, on account of the diphthong.

Upon the almost continual recurrence of the chief pause * after the penthemimeres in hexameter, is built the whole
 rhythmus

* The pause in the following line being likewise after the penthemimeres, the syllable *bi* in *sibi*, though common in itself, like the *no* in *cano*, becomes of course the longest syllable in it †

Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa;

and, upon my once quoting it, with proper pronunciation, to a friend who is a very good scholar, he exclaimed—"If a boy in any of our public schools were to take such an extraordinary liberty [of committing no error] he would to the end of his days be called *S. bi*!" It is very possible: since upon a very worthy member of a public body of scholars', once taking the extraordinary liberty—of committing no error neither—to say that a horse *jumped*, instead of *leaped*, over a hedge; it happened, *unfortunately*, that he received, and, if heaven avert it not, will to the end of his days retain, the prefix of *Jumper* to his surname; from so very great a majority of that public body, that it may without impropriety be called the act of the body itself; though unsanctioned in the senate, or, "*The place of skulls*." So very strict and nice are some learned years, even in the idiom of the Kennel!

The

rhythmus of pentameter; which may be considered—indeed its name imports it—as hexameter curtailed of a foot; the first half of the verse (for it can with propriety admit of no more than one pause; always in the middle) being precisely

The application of the above emphasized “*unfortunately*,” as well as the settlement of the account of profit and loss between the receiver and the givers, is left to you, my good and equitable reader; who doubtless will opine, that, there may be possible cases, besides that of a bastinado, in which it is—not more blessed to give, than to receive.

Or should you, with a modest *non meum est*, decline the office; let us see if we can find in *Henry Fielding* any case in point, or any doctrine, which may guide us in our judgement: for Henry Fielding surreptitiously contrived—being no graduate—to become no mean casuist, in the decencies of conduct; or *καὶ τὸ πρῶτον*—the matter and moral of the book, in which—in the person of his “*Man of the Hill*,” he says—“Little harmony could subsist between the few who resorted to me, and the numerous train of sportsmen who often attended my brother from the field to the table; for such fellows, besides the noise and nonsense with which they persecute the ears of sober men, endeavour always to attack them with affront and contempt, This was so much the case, that neither I myself, nor my friends, could ever sit down to a meal with them without being treated with derision, because we were unacquainted with the phrases of sportsmen. For men of true learning, and almost universal knowledge, always compassionate the ignorance of others; but fellows, who excel in some little, low, contemptible art, are always certain to despise those who are unacquainted with that art.”

What a painter of nature is this surreptitious casuist, and, as every where else, how faithful to his model do we find him here! For, whence can the contemptuous pleasure of these fellows, as he calls them, flow, but from this most natural and obvious source, that, conscious of their own extreme ignorance in all things, they justly exult and wonder, that a man upon earth can be found, who knows less than themselves, in any one thing?

But upon the subject of those blessings of giving and receiving, should not be omitted the observation—of one whose judgement will be judged of by the reader—that, whichever of them may affect us in the most lively manner in the act, there can be no doubt but that the giving is the most durable; since it is found to be the longest *remembered*.

the first five half-feet of an hexameter; the last half indeed is likewise in hexameter measure; but then it is *restricted* (which hexameter is only in its two last feet) to consist of a long syllable and two anapests, or two dactyles and a long syllable. Our method of scanning a pentameter was adopted only for the ease of the young learner, who is first of course acquainted with hexameter: for it was formerly reckoned to consist, for the two first feet, either of dactyles or spondees, and necessarily, for its three last, of a spondee and two anapests, thus—

Nil mīhi | rēscrī|bās, || āt|tāmēn īp|sē vēnī.

The syllable *bas* is the *cæsura* here, and, exclusive of that, long by nature.

Upon the same almost continual recurrence of the pause after the penthemimeres, is built likewise the rhythmus of the monkish leonine verses, which cannot keep their tirefome tune without the pause in this place—

Dat bene | dat multum || qui dat | cum munere vultum *.

In

* Why do we despise leonine verses? And why is their tune, in any continuation, tirefome? Is it because we do not find them practised by the antients? Perhaps they did not like double rhymes—which are with us used chiefly in burlesque—and Hudibras is much obliged to them. Or perhaps they thought that rhyme was not proper but at the end of an exactly equal number of feet; and therefore could not be used in hexameter, which cannot well admit of a pause in its exact middle. Consequently, the few hexameters we meet with, where the final syllable rhymes to the *cæsura* after the penthemimeres, may owe their construction to chance rather than design. But the antients by no means despised rhyme. On the contrary, they appear to have been pleased with it: or, Ovid, the prince of pentameter poets, would not have so frequently employed it. He may be said, perhaps, to wanton, in his Love-verses, and his Epistles. But that could not have been the case, when shivering in his
barbarous

In the two following verses we find the chief pause after the hephthemimeres:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7
 Αὐτὰρ ἐπεί τ' αὐτοῖσι βέλῳς || ἐχέπευκας ἐφίεις.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7
 Förmösām rēsönärē döcēs || Amaryllida sylvas.

The

barbarous banishment at Tomi, he was deprecating the continuance of the displeasure of his relentless tyrant*, and, hapless poet! was tormenting his imagination for mollifying topics to be applied warm, but, alas! vainly, to a heart, not of flesh, but flint! Upon this occasion we may be sure he would exert his best judgement, his most serious skill, to express himself with the most graceful energy, with the most palatable adulation: and yet, upon this very occasion, he abounds in rhymes: and if the reader will be pleased to recollect—what it was so necessary to tell him—that the *cæsura* and the final syllable of a pentameter are the two longest and strongest syllables in the verse, which he—O Taste! O Elegance!—makes the shortest and weakest, he must be sensible that the rhymes must be more than observable, must be very striking. Let us look at an unconnected couplet or two

* The Monster, in whom his flatterers—with such poets at their head, disgracing their fine talents!—had completely effected the Terentian transformation—*ex fulto insanum facientes*—or he could never have proceeded to such a madness of cruelty, as would have made a butcher shudder; when, with his own Imperial fingers, he dug out the eyes of the Prætor Gallius, for a slight suspicion stretched like a slave upon the rack—*oculis ejus sua manu effossis*. (Sueton. August. 27.) The detestation we affix to the figurative use of the term *butcher* does credit to our pity; but it is well that the honest men who kill our mutton do not read our books, or they would be justly displeased to find themselves brought into such company as emperors and heroes, and a stigma fixed upon the innocent title of their art, meaning no more than a provider for the *mouth*. A poet or orator may allowably convert the rising superior to feelings, by which others are subdued, to greatness. A great carcass-butcher may, in his wide destruction of life, bear some resemblance to him, who, from his head's being turned by Homer, was called the Macedonian madman. Why then have not butchers been admired? One of the august eye-digger's flatterers may be quoted for an answer—"carent quia vate sacro." In which of its senses shall we take the epithet? Might not a prize-question be made of this—Have poets and orators compensated to the world, by tickling the ear and imagination, and affecting the passions, for the evil they have done, by disguising truth, and giving glory to what merits execration?

The antients seem to have had so high an esteem for melody, as to make to it greater sacrifices than could be reputably made by a poet in our own language. No poet of eminence, how great soever his veneration for melody, would venture to make so free with sense, as to construct his verse with a pause between the substantive and its adjective, which, if not a part of itself, is at least its dress: but Homer has done it, we see, in the above line, between *βελος* and *χρημυκες*. And similar things have been done by all those who were his followers—longo intervallo. The measure of an alcaic verse is, a spondee (or iambus), a bacchius, and two dactyles; and the pause is after the second foot—

Vidēs ūt āltā || stēt nīvē cāndīdūm—

towards the end of the second book *de Tristibus*, addressed to that tyrant, where the poet says—what we may be certain was as far from having any thing light or wanton, or of a bad taste, in it, as from any thing true—he says, in his very compellation of the inhuman “*Carnifex*”—

O Pater, O Patriæ Cura Decusque tuæ.

One of these following couplets may appear to some readers particularly beautiful, from the very arch manner in which it applies, to its own sense, the words which begin the famous performance of another poet, whom the wolf had spared; and whose flattery—which would have caused any one, not dead to the common feelings of humanity, to blush—was otherwise rewarded. With how different a fate the same thing may be done by different persons, has been well observed by a *Satirist*—as it is the custom to call a poet who adheres to truth:

“*Ille crucem SCELERIS pretium tulit, hic diadema.*”

Sic madidos ficit digitis Venus uda capillos,

Et modo maternis tecta videtur aquis.

Et tamen ille tuæ felix Æneidos auctor

Contulit in Tyrios Arma virumque toros.

Phyllidis hic idem, tenerosque Amaryllidis ignes,

Bucolicis juvenis luserat ante modis.

Carminaque edideram, cū te, delicta notantem,

Præterii toties jure quietus eques, &c.

but

but the authour of that verse says in another place—

Ōdī prōfānūm || vūlgūs, ēt ārcēō,

in which there seems to be a violent divorce. But he was authorized to make such divorces, or similar ones, by his great exemplar, Alcæus himself; who says,

Πῖνεῖν ἐπεῖδῃ || κατθανῆ Μορσίλῳ.

“Let us drink and be merry, since”—since what? why, since “Morsilus is dead;” but if that be matter of such joy, surely you need not have hesitated to tell it.

So, however, we find it was; and we must take things which cannot be remedied as we find them.

That the rhythmus has the power to make a short syllable long on account of pause—and no otherwise, I contend, against the ΩΣ ΒΟΥΛΑΕΤΑΙ of our *system*—there is proof enough every where. One proof has been already given in the last-quoted verse from Homer; where the last syllable of βίλος, short by nature, and preceding an unaspirated vowel, is yet made long by the rhythmus on account of pause. In the first of the three following examples—which will be enough; as it is sufficiently known, that,

Finalem cæsura brevem producere gaudet—

we see by the same means a short syllable lengthened after the hephthemimeres, as in βίλος; in the second, after the penthemimeres; and in the third, after the trihemimeres;

Dona dehinc auro graviā || sectoque elephanto—

Omnia vincit amor || et nos cedamus amori—

Sideraque || ventique nocent | avidæque volucres.

The first word of the last line is a good one to help the reader to the pronounciation of a choriambus; for as the dactyle *Sidera* is so frequently repeated in all the Latin poetry he has read, he cannot, for shame, call it *Sidæraque*, to

which otherwise his invariable practice would draw him, *ως φιλικῶς ἀνδρα σιδηρός*. As he has been taught by professors of a system withering, like a witch, *all* final syllables with shortness, he will, to be sure, find some difficulty in investing the poor humble enclitic *que* with its unaccustomed honour—except at ends of verses; but it will be soon surmounted: and then he will speak as he ought—

Ἄγιοῦ λῶ,

intēēō,

tēmpōrībūs;

and no longer murder

Οὐλομένῃν

and

Ἰταλίαν,

the two first words in the second verse of each of the two grand poems, which, if they be not the first for him to handle, are the last he will lay aside.

We have seen then that even such short syllables as the last in *βελος* and *que* are made long on account of the *cæsura*. Now with what very great force does this prove the *cæsura* to be endowed? and, in consequence, how very particularly, in the pronunciation, ought it to be distinguished? In our leading examples on this article, it was observed, that each *cæsura* we were considering, *θεῶ*, *canō*, *patulaē*, *rescribās*, was, exclusive of the pause at each, long in itself; by way of a hint to the reader, that—were there not a pause, or shadow of a pause, existing in the world—he is without excuse, when he slurs over such majestic long syllables, with as much slight and scorn, as he can shew to the vilest rabble of bob-tails. Yet such is the treatment they all receive from him: nor is more regard paid, than to any of the rest, to the last syllable of *rescribas*, and all its likenesses; on which account, I said, when speaking of a pentameter, in the preceding chapter, that we are certain to be not right in the middle of that measure. *Rescribas* is a molossus, and therefore we pronounce

pronounce it as an amphibrachys. Yet, molossus as it is, and when pronounced as such, the syllables, placed as the word is here, are not to be of equal length; because *bas* is a *cæsura*, and ought to have at least twenty-four tenths of a time; for which we may borrow two apiece of the foregoing syllables. So *ni* in *veni*, being the final syllable of that verse, must have more length given it than *at* in *attamen*, or *ip* in *ipse*. Again, in *Ἡοιντο δ' αὖθις*—five consecutive long syllables—the pause in that verse being after the penthemimeres, and *-θεν* being, consequently, the *cæsura*, it must of those five long syllables be pronounced by much the longest.

But if the reader be without excuse, for pronouncing short such syllables as are simply long, what shall be said for him, now that we are become sensible of the very potent energy of the pause! How—for not-extricating him from the trammels of his teachers, and preserving him from the false quantity, and the little bastard modulation which he gives to these *cæsuras*—how shall his taste, his sense, his *spirit*, stand absolved! What can be more tame and mean than *Μηνὶ αὖτις, θεᾷ, and, Arma virumque cāno*, what so shocking, as, *Tityre, tu patulē!* Well may Demetrius Phalereus observe—for it is founded in nature—we experience it continually—well then may he observe in his thirty-ninth section on Elocution, and in unison with all the best writers upon pauses, Fabricius, Urfinus, Diomed, and Beda, that, “*To give Force and Elevation to a period, it ought to begin and end with a long syllable. For a long syllable naturally makes the strongest impression; and of all the syllables in a period, we are chiefly moved with the first and last.*” *Μηνὶ αὖτις, θεᾷ*—and—*Arma virumque cāno*—are such periods—are complete sentences, each beginning and ending with a long syllable—and nothing can be nobler, grander, though in so small a compass—indeed, the more so for it—each proclaiming each poet's theme—his whole subject—the particulars of which—whose anger, and its dire effects—whose arms, and their glorious success—are afterwards unfolded.

WRATH—be thy theme, O MUSE!—the dread Pelides' wrath—
O MUSE, i. e. Thou who art a Goddess, and canst, beyond all mortals, make that theme sublime; and therefore I must pronounce

pronounce the name of thy quality, MUSE, with dignified and solemn strength and length—not only because it is required by the pause in my verse, for the sake of harmony, but because it is exacted by Feeling, Sense, and Spirit—to shew that I invoke no common aid.

ARMS and the *Man*—I SING!—who first from Troia's shores—

I SING!—another Ennius, with ardour invigorated by Lyæus, *ad arma dicenda PROSILIENS!* Yes, I will SING the mighty theme—I feel the poetic fervour—the inspiring God!—I will not write it—in dull historical detail—I will SING it, and sing it in such a STRAIN—worthy the ear of the Master of the WORLD!

The authour of *Arma virumque cano*, who was so fine a reciter himself, could—with those three words alone—thrill his hearer's SOUL—if he had one: as he would have made his tears to gush, with—

*Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco **.

Well,

* That this may not appear too boldly said, recollect, or ask your fathers, what Garrick could do in "*Lear*," with but these four simple monosyllables, making the whole speech—

"*I gave you all!*"

In which that consummate master of the part entered so feelingly into all the pathos the poet would have had him shew, at the being doubly wounded to the soul by, what he says is sharper than a serpent's tooth, a thankless child, and the wringing struggle of the last yearnings of parental love with rage, as almost literally to verify, in this short but poignant reproach to the wicked, flinty ingratitude of the "unnatural hags," the poetical compliment that was paid him, of being able

"*To pierce, to cleave, to rend the heart.*"

But the supposed power of Virgil in pronouncing a few words, should, from the nature of those mentioned above, have been illustrated, it may be said, perhaps, by a calmer instance. Take then of calm, though pathetic, benevolence, the before-quoted case in point to this very line, *Non ignara mali, &c.*—which the
 excellent

Well, but people are not to be blamed for not looking into such books as those of the above-mentioned writers upon pauses; for they are not at hand. Pity, that they are not at

excellent annotatour on it expects should so affect the feelings of a worthy pupil as to make him *voluptate cecitate*—the calm benevolence of the king to the archbishop, in p. 46. And you see what effect the delivery of the actor was to cause by it, in the calculation of the authour, by his having subjoined—

“ Look, the good man weeps !”

Who could judge better than that authour how it should be spoken? Yet, in the art of utterance, he seems, from what we learn of his history, to have been, with all his fine feelings and power of conception, like a phœniscus who has been mentioned, better qualified for the giving than the exemplifying of good rules. Not an uncommon case. But we have nothing to do here with the feelings of any passion but *Shame*; to which it is to be hoped the applications in various parts of this dissertation will not have been made in vain. Indeed, with two suppositions,—one of which may perhaps be granted, and the other lost in empty air—that the observations in it are founded on truth, and that they may attract the attention of, and approve themselves to, our places of education—they cannot be made in vain. For, on such suppositions, no teacher will for the future choose, nay, with a quick sense of that powerful passion, no teacher will be hardy enough—exposing himself to the laughter of his pupils—“ what should be grave to turn to farce,” always ridiculously, often detestably, and sometimes heinously, to turn to farce, what is not only grave, but with beauty and pathos very highly dignified and adorned, as in the present case of *Non ignara mali, &c.* and innumerable others which will not escape the keen vigilance of ingenious youths. Consequently, finding that the safest way here will be to take the converse of the proverb which asserts, *ὁδὸν θαρραλεωταίνην εἶναι τὴν συνθεσταίνην*, he will, in repeating to them the line before us, cease from making its longest syllable the shortest; consequently, for the future, he will always say,

Μηνιν αἰδε, θεῶ,

and,

Arma virumque cānō,

and

at hand ! or to be sure their leaves would be turned over by us to advantage ! But CLARKE'S HOMER is at hand ; indeed in every hand : of such continual use to us are his volumes, that they are almost

Nocturna versata manu, versata diurnâ.

Dr. CLARKE, it is most clearly evident, had emancipated himself—and like a true *Doctor*, and an *excellent Doctor*, as he was, would—if he had had docile boys—have taught us to emancipate ourselves—from our deplorable system ; or perhaps I should rather call it our *stupendous* system, since it can work such a mighty miracle, as to sav with awful effect—even though the object is invisible, by being below our horizon—

SUN OF REASON, STAND THOU STILL !

Now it happens, that, Dr. *Clarke*, in that admirable note, so full of prosodical erudition which he has made at almost the entrance of his first volume ; for it appears so early as at the fifty-first verse of the first book of the *Ilias*, and is made on that identical and already frequently mentioned word *βειλο*,—

and most assuredly, if he has but the dullest, if he has but any sense at all, of that chaste and ingenuous as well as powerful passion, most assuredly he will always say,

Multa viri virtus,

and,

Tityre, tu patulae,

carefully guarding, upon all occasions, against such equivocations, of the worst kind, as barbarous pronunciation of them brings ; in short, by making a happy preliminary step, in teaching the rising generation to read by quantity the poetry of Greek and Latin authours, towards producing the same desirable improvement in their prose, he will say every thing that can be wished for by the delighted spirit of *Mekerehus* ; delighted with the seeming promise that the seed which he sowed above two centuries ago, shall yet produce its fruit ; and with the hope that it may be now asserted truly, in regard to Prosody at least, that the generation is arrived,

“ Whose sons shall blush, their fathers were ”—*such Fools.*

it happens, I say, that Dr. Clarke has, with valuable additions, given us, compressed and briefly, the substance of what has been said by those very writers. He tells us, that, this word *βίλος* was, on account of its being a *cæsura*, pronounced almost as if it had been written *bel-s*—which he cloathes too thus in a different character from the Greek, to make it the more striking; and which shews how strongly it must have been pronounced. And if this was the case with even a *short* syllable lengthened by becoming a *cæsura*, more strongly still, to syllables *long in themselves**, will that doctrine be applied; which he informs us is equally applicable to all; and he implies a desire of our paying particular attention to it, in these words, at the exordium of this long and pretious note; “*Qua ratione vocabulum hoc βίλος, et similia, syllabam posteriorem producant, nè perpetuo dicendum sit, semel hic diligentius exponam.*” Most benevolent, most ingenious Diligence! And what returns of worthy acknowledgement we have made†! Is it possible that this book—in the hands of every one—of doctors and disciples—so used—so uncontradicted—but by practice—so pretendedly admired—can have been published above these three score years! Or, is there really such a book existing in the world, and are we not dreaming all the while! Really this is one of those most extraordinary and surprizing occasions, which is enough to make us rub our eyes, and ask ourselves if we are awake; and to doubt whether it be possible, in the nature

* From this more direct aid, than understanding *per antiphrasin* the authour of “*Accentus Redivivi*,” from this *authentic aid*—if authenticity can be any where applied—how very obvious and palpable is the inference, that, if syllables *long in themselves*, as the last in *βίλος, cæno, parulæ*, &c. (and even such short syllables as *λος*, &c.) are, when *cæsuras*; to be pronounced PARTICULARLY long, these syllables, *long in themselves*, when met with in other places, should NOT be pronounced SHORT!

Have we not then, *unpardonably* overlooked this aid, which should so long ago have taught us, that, the *Bentleian* system was founded in the grossest error?

† Τὰς μαεργίας, μὴ βαλὴν ἐν σοί,

For Gratitude's sweet notes ascend not from the sty,

of things, that we should ever have heard our Doctors—our *gravest* Doctors—say *biă, cănă, patulă*—with the omission of all that is dictated by propriety and taste, and the commission of what delicacy would solicitously shun!

But to get rid of this disagreeable idea, let us go to something else. I will only add, that, if there be a reader, who, after perusing the above-mentioned long and pretious note, and other prosodical notes in the same volume, can believe that the diligent exertor of the benevolent ingenuity from which it is most shameful in us not to have profited long ago, could ever, at least after he had begun his annotations, say

Μηνιν αειδε, θεᾶ,

or commit any similar or, less glaring barbarisms in quantity, such reader is to be felicitated upon a faith*, too sublimely strong for any thing to withstand.

We

* Incredulity may likewise upon some occasions have surprizing strength. A remarkable instance is recorded of the strength of it in Fontenelle.

At one of the weekly meetings of the members of the Académie Française, they agree to contribute, on the spot, in favour of the family of a deceased associate, each a Louis d'or. Upon counting the sum, there is found to be a Louis less than the number of the company; of which one member had, for his avarice, become notorious and proverbial. Instantly every eye fastens itself upon his countenance, of course; instantly his name perches itself upon the tip of every tongue; and, from some of them it flies: and with all its syllables; though half of them would have been sufficient, vu que "*le Sage entend à demi-mot.*" He asserts that he had given his contribution: the member, who had taken the trouble to make the collection, says, that, he did not see it: the accused member replies warmly, that, he might have seen it: and ding dong do they proceed, to bandy most vehemently, from side to side, those oaths of singular construction, to which that ingenious nation, under all its forms of government, is unanimously and affectionately, if not religiously attached; though exhibiting in that attachment no greater claim, than even Mr. Bull himself may have, to Roman spirit or Athenian sense. Matters now wear a serious aspect: but, however, they fortunately take

We vouchsafe, it was observed in the last Chapter, to read rightly the small volume of *Anacreon*, though with a most ludicrous inconsistency of practice—to give it the mildest epithet—when compared with our reading other verses of iambic measure—or of any measure. But it is not the only ludicrous inconsistency we commit. For after all that has been said of our barbarous reading, the writer must acknowledge, that, of the two great and glorious poems of Homer, consisting of, he does not know how many thousands of verses, there are THREE—which—owing to such another of those most extraordinary and surprizing chances as that grave Doctors should commit such ridiculous mistakes as we have seen, and which, that it should arrive, *nemo Divorum promittere, nemo, auderet*—yes,—*Three whole verses*, which we happen to read rightly—like Blind Moles, which now and then happen, by a chance, to blunder into day-light! To be sure, it mightily becomes us, as a nation—because it had, formerly, the luck of some great names being born in it—to pretend to be jocular—another ridiculous mistake! upon the ignorance or inattention of another nation, and brand it for its blunders! I do not pretend to say that there may not be more verses in Homer of the same structure; and if there be, we shall read them rightly also. But the three here meant are these; the first, not in place, but in particular beauty; so much admired as a fine onomatopoeiomenon, and so often repeated by us, and always (if we gave more length to the last syllable) with the strictest propriety, is, the rolling down of Syphilus's stone;

Αἴης ἐπεῖτα πρὸς δὲ κυλινδεῖο λαῶς ἀναιδής.

The second is in the short speech of Achilles, when Briseis is demanded of him by the heralds; to whom, in the beginning of it, he gives a most kind welcome, as being blameless in themselves; but, presently, by his anger against the sender

take another turn, upon Fontenelle's calling solemnly for silence, and delivering himself as follows—"Gentlemen, I saw it; I can assure you that I saw it; I saw it *with my own eyes*;—but I don't believe it."

of them rising to a bitter threat, conveyed in a most elegant apostrophe, he is hurried on to say

Εἰποῖε δ' αὖτε
Χρεῖω· ἐκεῖο γένηται· αἰκεῖα· λοίχον· ἀμύναι·

The third is a beautiful instance of the impatient ardour of fraternal affection in Agamemnon for the wounded Menelaus; when he charges the herald to use his utmost speed to seek him chirurgical assistance;

Ταλθυβί, στή· ταχίστα· Μαχάονα· δευρο· καλεῖσθαι·*

Arte poeta citata vocabula rebus adaptat.

And what is the reason of our reading such verses properly? One really doubts whether it should be given with a smile or a sigh: for it is in truth no other than this; that, except as to the indifferent syllable in each, every word in them is—by the structure of the verse being so contrived that they terminate in short syllables—accommodated to our more than infantine imbecillity! For, more than infantine imbecillity it is, most surely, not to be able to prevail upon ourselves to pronounce properly any words which terminate in long syllables, in Greek and Latin, when, in our maternal tongue, we are accustomed to many such from our very cradles!

Whether

* In addition to the quickness in the *sound* of this verse, there may be observed a quickness in the *sense*; denoted by the imperative in the past time, καλεῖσθαι; and the same in the ποιήσον and ὀλέσσοι in Ajax's prayer. Here it may be understood as if Agamemnon had said—Call him so quickly, that it may seem to be done already; or, before my command for it can be uttered.

It has been supposed by some grammatical writers amongst us, that these Greek past tenses lose their signification of time in the imperative, from the very nature of a command, which must relate to something *to be done*. But this hasty supposition would not have perhaps been made, if they had looked at home. “*Be gone*”—“*Have done*”—expressions in continual use with us—are imperatives

Whether there be any any verse, or score of verses, of the same structure in Virgil, I do not know; and the searching for such things will scarcely pay the trouble; though one cannot apply to them the “seeking two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff.” But if, amongst all their sweet or majestic marches and energies divine, which declare them—as the mother of their hero was declared by *δὲρ ἰνέσσῃ*—to be no mortal verses, there is not one of them of such a structure, it may be confidently asserted, that, till the day—dear to all the Muses—shall arrive, when we unlearn* our fatal

imperatives of past time. For they cannot well be qualified as elliptical locutions, to be supplied by—“*I command you to*”—be gone, &c. since, as they are of similar form with incontestable imperatives—Be cautious—Have mercy, &c.—*frustra fit per plura*. May we not then translate *καλεσεν αὐτὸν*, by, *Have called him?*

We may observe too that in Latin, which has no past tenses in the imperative, the same effect may be produced by the addition of an adverb to it.—*JAMDUDUM* *sumite pœnas*—exclaims Sinon: i. e. “If you think I deceive you, punish me with death so instantly, that it may seem to be done *long ago*.”

Another circumstance, argumentative of extreme celerity in these three verses, may perhaps be added: that, except such a semi-pause after *Ταλὲς*: as every vocative demands, I believe they are all without a pause, and so constructed industriously by the poet. It is certain, that, in pronouncing them, all the three—in the before-borrowed beautiful expression of Milton—

“*Light as the lightening glimpse*” should fly.

* That “*καλεπώτερον το μελαδιδασκειν*” of Dion Chrysostom in my preface—and the reader who has perused the dedication knows where my preface is—is indeed, because a true, a very discouraging circumstance; yet I will not despair but that, though I may not be of sufficient ability “*to teach anew*,” some better qualified teachers may; or, that, we shall, ere long, be convinced of the necessity of the task, however difficult it may be, of ourselves set about the *unlearning* our fatal system. And when the happy day of *unlearning* shall arrive, that it may be the more auspicious to *learning*, we shall, it is to be hoped, think of those who are to succeed us: and in order to make to them the paths of learning, the paths of pleasantness, and its ways, the ways of peace, that we shall put away from us, by exchanging it for something

fatal system, we shall not be able to give a faithful representation, in the expression, of any one graceful poetic movement of the Mantuan Swan*. In this fine one,

Infonuere cavæ, gemitumquæ dedere cavernæ,

we make perhaps the nearest approach to propriety; and for the above-given reason; for as there is, luckily for it, an enclitic

something better, the tedious and disgusting nonsense invented by the herd of grammarians: who, accustomed to the meer matter of language, which they received but by a kind of tradition from such skilful guides as we have seen in the fact of pronunciation, have corrupted the study of letters; by multiplying, among many mistakes, the principles, as the difficulties, of what is short and simple in itself, to the torment of children, both of smaller and of larger growth: "*Quam nihil sit facilius*—as à Lennep expresses himself—*quam paucas easque simplices regulas, ad quas omnia in linguis, tanquam ad normam certissimam exigi possint, et ex ipsa linguæ natura ductas, et ratione suffultas, memoriæ insigere, et infixas servare diutissimè.*"

We cannot be surprized then, that the things we call Grammars, which at this day—when such helps are afforded—are really a national disgrace, should upon a late occasion be treated with unmerciful ridicule, by such scholars as Heyne and the Hunsterhuisian school.

* ————— "The Swan with arched neck
"Between his white wings mantling proudly, rows
"His State with oary feet"—

such was the Mantuan Swan—in his own element; nothing more graceful, more captivating, than all his proudly mantling motions. But we make him move as awkward as—what is one of the awkwardest objects in nature—as *awkward as a swan ashore*—which is even more awkward than a goose. For, as to *singing swans*—though Virgil himself speaks of the

———"argutos inter strepere anser odores"—

they were quite out of the question long before his time. He speaks of their singing by Anachronism—allowed to poets. There was indeed formerly a particular brood of them—on the *Simois* and *Scamander*—who to be sure *sang*, and sang *most divinely*, the deaths of heroes, during all the siege of *Troy*. But they perished with

enclitic to back the anapest *gemitum*—which would otherwise share the fate of its poor brethren, and be ruined as a dactyle—we commit a fault but in *one* word; the only word ending *long*; contriving, however, though it is a word but of two syllables, that the fault shall be a double one, counterchanging in *cavæ*—where *væ* is *very* long—by nature, and by *caesura*—short for long; and long for short*.

But

that famous city; without leaving their likenesses behind. Nature broke the mould in which they had been cast; as she did that, in which *HE* who divinely sings that siege was cast. *Hæc ibat Simois*—and—*Hæc ibat*—the race of the *singing swans*.

* By a fault not *usual* with us, the pronouncing the penultimate long in the word *damnabitur*, it will be remembered by many, that, a Right Reverend prelate got the nickname of “*Damna bite her*,” and that it stuck to him till he went, to Heaven it is to be hoped for all that, from the see of London. And this ridicule was cast on him by persons—by *Doctors*—by *grave Doctors*—who from one end to the other of as long a *Clerum* as the poor injured bishop’s, would pronounce—as no doubt *he* did—and without being thought worthy of blame for it—every such word as *cavæ* like a trochee! *Nay*, the beauty of the business is—such judges now-a-days has a Latin orator of his performance!—that *he* would be thought worthy of blame who should *not* pronounce them wrong; who should *not* force nature. As the man with the pig in Phædrus, when he had lost his cause against the artificial squeaker, says, upon holding forth the natural squeaker,

En hic declarat quales sitis Judices!

Κλαγγὴ δ’ ἀσπέλος ὥρῳ Σῶν αὐλιζομένων!

Damnabitur, when a vowel follows it, is a major ionicus (*pulcherri-mus*); and when a consonant, a third epitrite—*communicant*. But which of us cares what a plague follows or precedes? Which of us pronounces the first syllable longer than in our own word *remonstrating*?

Now if the people of the commonweal of letters allow themselves to be so inattentive and indifferent to propriety, their public orator—who is their creature, as are all public officers, of their respective commonweals—will of course think himself allowed, though it is no *splendid prerogative*, to be inattentive and

But, oh, unhappy Homer, why didst thou not contrive that we might throughout enjoy the melody of thy measure, as well as the matter of thy marvellous sublimity, by contriving that every word in thy every verse should, as in the quoted triplet, have a short syllable for its termination! Why didst thou not abstain, with rigour dictated by tenderness abstain, from the cruel spondee and iambus, and whatever feet are constituted by words ending *long*!—foreseeing, as thou, poet and prophet, must have foreseen, the grievous infirmity we labour under, in the insuperable difficulty of pronouncing such words properly—except in our own vulgar tongue! And to thy commanding genius, how much easier would have been the task, than was to the genius of a German, not at all allied to thine, the composition of a long poem, intituled, “*Pugna Percorum*,” in which he contrived that every word of his every verse should commence with the letter with which those words commence!

But, seriously, is it worthy of men, is it worthy even of children, that this gigantic difficulty, at which, if we

“*Throw but a stone, the Giant dies,*”

should continue to be insuperable still? If on this subject—and would to Heaven it were the *only* one!—we have suffered Prejudice or System—begotten by Habit upon Ignorance—to draw that disgraceful film over the mind’s eye, which prevents

and indifferent likewise; and they must suffer the want of much elegant pleasure.

Of the designs, preserved in the public library at Basle, which were made by Hans Holbein for the “*Morise Encomium*” of Erasmus, that in which he represents Folly in the act of quitting the rostrum after an harangue, is by far the best; and particularly, by the judgement he has shewn, in making the audience to consist of figures more ridiculous, if possible, than her ladyship herself. Democritus, si foret in terris, would have looked more at *them* than the haranguer; for,

Let Bear or Elephant be e’er so white,
The PEOPLE, sure, the PEOPLE are the sight!

POPE,
our

our seeing the clearest inferences from established facts, shall we not even form a wish—and it requires no more—for its removal?

Let not the reader be startled at these questions, as if an insignificant individual were taking upon him—as wisely as he who attempted to shackle the torrent—to reform the inveterate habit of a nation's reading: when the most significant of individuals, an Emperor of the world, could not introduce the usage of one single useful letter! No. The humble disciple of the humble Mekerchus is only offering to youthful admirers of ancient poems a new pleasure, in a better way of reading them than they have yet been taught; and throwing out hints at random, with the hope that some of them will rub upon electric heads, and elicit sparks throwing such light upon the subject as will establish the truth of it, to the most obdurate of systematic sinners, with as much clearness as the falsehood has been demonstrated of the supposed existence of a siege of Troy: but that he is a friend to gentle and gradual reforms of corrupt innovations*, he presumes may be confessed, without offence to any candid mind. And if this offer of a new pleasure may be called a proposition for reforming the inveterate habit of a nation's reading, and bringing it back from the corrupt innovation

* Particularly of the very corrupt and offensive innovation of long parliaments—of less standing than the final *e* mute—and of that “great and unconstitutional” influence, born of it, which a very honourably distinguished prelate †, with every true patriot, so pathetically laments; which is swollen to a portentous magnitude, since it was said that it ought to be diminished; and now, like an enormous goitre, hanging on the breast of a starved Alpine peasant—starved by feeding it—oppresses the respiration of the extenuated public body: he indulges in the hope that this reform shall arrive right soon; for, the very greatest man of this century—so great, that after him, *non viget quicquam simile aut secundum*—for the sons of heroes are *plagues*, are *curSES* ‡—foretold that the crying

† Bishop of Landaff, in his letter to the Archbishop.

* *Ἡρώων τέκνα πημάτων*—proverbially applied by Plutarch to the sons of those great statesmen, Phocion and Cato.

of pronouncing Greek and Latin with a different quantity from the antients ; very gentle and gradual indeed will be all the operation of it which can be hoped for, with so great a probability of the fate that was apprehended for one of our suppositions' being lost in empty air. Let us see a little what might be expected from it *.

Of ingenuous youths—for, "My Cymbal tinkles but to youthful ears"—of ingenuous youths, in the midst of a per-

abuse, though younger than the century, could not last till the end of it. And, as it is well expressed by the eloquent deprecator of a complicated scene of guilt and horror, "should this reform once be well done, nothing will be left undone, which ought to be done at all." For it will, by the easiest and best means, happily bring back into practice our most excellent constitution ; as it is still in *theory*—where only it is at present known.

* It may not be amiss to caution young readers, whilst they are shewn how they may derive greater pleasure from the heroics of Homer and Virgil, against an error into which they are apt to fall in reading our own heroic measure ; which cruelly mars the melody, often disfigures the sense, and always gives an air of great vulgarity to the verse ; and that is, from a kind of vicious modulation, the laying an emphasis on the last half of the fourth foot improperly. It will of course be laid there, as any where else, *not* improperly, when the sense requires it ; as it does in the above-quoted verse, where, except *my*, the only emphatic word is the trochee *Youthful*, on the first syllable of which the stress will be naturally laid. And they too who lay this improper emphasis, seldom give the proper sustaining and strength to the last syllable of the verse ; which they rob beforehand of its spirit, and throw it away hurtfully on the last half of the fourth foot. A young man, who was said to read well, gave once a taste of his quality—which did not tend to encrease his fame—in the epitaph at the end of Gray's Elegy, of which, by this error, he made indeed a very mournful matter, saying thus :

Here rests his head, upon the *lap* of earth,

A youth to fortune and to *fame* unknown ;

Fair science frowned not on his *humble* birth,

And melancholy marked him *for* her own, &c.

where unfortunately there is no pretence for distinguishing the syllables which were emphasized by him, from a vicious habit.

And

perversely-pronouncing generation, who read this, and, perceiving the proffered pleasure "as level to their judgement pierce, as day does to their eye," shall thankfully accept it, peradventure there may be Fifty. Oh, no! Well then, to go at once to the good Patriarch's lowest calculation, peradventure there may be Ten (Ten head-boys in as many schools, or undergraduates in as many colleges), who will gladly take the pleasure that is to be found in embracing the doctrine of Mekerchus; and as they cannot profess this doctrine openly, as in an authorized connexion, confine their enjoyment of it to the *penetralia Vestæ*; where too they will naturally be inclined to write verses of gratitude to the memory of him who has made verses more pleasing to them, and who, they see in the account given of him at the beginning, affords ample scope for eulogy: especially as it is an occasion, not only so much more worthy than those upon which verses are wont to be produced, but, which affords the most legitimate expectation of the Muse's aid. How pleasing must this be to his spirit, conscious, as it may poetically be supposed, that they, who, from their own ingenuity and the good instructions they receive in every thing but pronunciation, can write verses elegantly, are now, by his means, enabled to read them elegantly too! And when they come to reflect that there is nothing heretical in the doctrine, or even strange; as it is but an endeavour at the revival of those instructions, which, could we suppose they wanted them in their native language, were doubtless given to boys in the Roman schools,

cùm totus decolor esset

Flaccus, et hæeret nigro fuligo Maroni;

when they perceive that it is only a plain appeal to reason from the glaring absurdity and barbarism of our present irrational practice; that it may be of great utility to children,

And a great actress has been heard to spoil a fine verse by this error, which she must be supposed to commit through a momentary inadvertence; but in a very impassioned speech, in the part of Lady Macbeth, she thus pronounced

"I'd pluck my nipple from its boneless gums"—

by fixing the knowledge of quantities in their memory; they by and by will, probably, teach it to their own children. This will be something. But what will be more, is, that peradventure of these ten ingenuous youths, one may come to be himself a teacher: first we must suppose as an usher—God help him, poor fellow!—when he will not dare to open his lips upon the *old new system* *. he has embraced—unless, perhaps,

* Yes, reader, system for system; and you will never make a better exchange. Here is no pulling down, you see, without building up. Wherever there is an error shewn, a remedy is applied.

But *your* system is such a shallow thing!—that as shallow a thing will serve for its destruction. It may be drowned “*in Simpulo* †.” Whereas the system of the great Mekerchus can defy all Ocean’s storms—

“MERSES PROFUNDO, FULCHRIOR EVENIT!”

Now—not to forget our remedies—now, how could you distress and hurt me so! to pronounce, in that very fine alcaic verse, *merfes*, as a trochee, and *profundo*, as an amphibrachys! Give, I beseech you, give its due weight to the syllable *ses*; and give to *do*, all the importance it demands, as a *cæsura*, as well as naturally long. And see how well you will be rewarded!—Exclusive of the absurdity of making false quantity, what tameness—what nothing—in, *Mersēs profundō*! What spirit—what noble energy—in *Mersēs profundō, pulchrior evenit*!

This appeal to your *taste* alone, will be, I hope, sufficient, to induce you to pronounce it thus always for the future; and that there is no need for the *argumentum ad verecundiam*. In that case, I beg that you will immediately resume the text, and proceed no farther in this note.

Then, sir, if the appeal to your *taste* be *not* sufficient, I must tell you, that, if instead of *profundō*, you say *profundū*, in this alcaic verse, one of the finest, if not the very finest, which Horace has written, in his favourite measure—how must his spirit *scorn* you!—in one of the two most highly finished and sublime odes—

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem—

Excitabat enim fluctus in SIMPULO, ut dicitur.

Cic. de Leg.

and—

perhaps, to give it as an esoteric doctrine to some favourite boy: but in good time he may come to be a master; when he will have perhaps a whole score of scholars; who may afterwards have other scholars: and then—Oh then—the thing will spread! So that in about a century, two or three hundred people out of eight millions, may read the other poets in their proper measure, as they do *Anacreon* now. And in about another century, perhaps, having had time to reflect, that what is an iambus or anapest in Greek or Latin *poetry*, ought, as in English, to be the same in *prose*, they may come to rehearse orations of Demosthenes and Cicero in such quantities as they were spoken by Demosthenes and Cicero themselves—which, to be sure, will be doing a great deal for posterity!

The writer would be very glad—were it in his power—to do a great deal more for posterity, though it has never yet—according to the lamentable joke—done any thing for him!

and—

Quæ cura Patrum quæve Quiritium—

which are called his *eagles*, and each of which you transform into—I will not say, an *owl*—for it is the type of wisdom—but into the type of its opposite quality—a *goose*—if, I say, you do this, you do a deed, of which you must take the consequence: for, gentleman and respectable scholar as perhaps you are, you by this deed lose the character, in the likeness of a peddling Jew; displaying his merchandise at the fair—“Come, mine goot customers, come and buy; I have opened mine pack, and—[*Merces profundò*]
I am pouring out all mine goots, all mine boatons and beacles, &c. come and buy.”—This is natural enough, this is intelligible enough, from the mouth of a pedler; but what in the world has it to do with the sublime ode of Horace which you are reciting! And in which, and all of them, if you commit such murders, as for *profundò*—which means, *the depths of the sea*—to say, *profundò*—which means, *I am pouring out*—believe me, that, ceasing any longer to resemble an itinerant trafficker, so far are you from *pouring out* your Goors, you are only *pouring out* a proof—of your being a greater barbarian than the ignorant Jew.

What

What then? Its parents have*; and he loves them for what they have done for him, too well to be unconcerned for

* What—as he has somewhere read—or something very like it—what can a man be said to possess unborrowed, who does not belong even to himself? What has he that he did not receive, under God, from his fellow-men? Let him return to them the knowledge which they have by written or oral instruction given him, with even the very capacity to receive it; let him render them back all their helps to the improvement of his natural talents and his mental powers; the morality, the laws, and the order—imperfect as it yet is—which they have made for him, to contribute to his comfort here, together with the means they have preserved to him of knowing what God has done for him, that he may aspire to happiness hereafter; let him, above all, refund to them whatever stock he may have acquired of *Pity*—sweet source of pleasure, of virtue, and of all the most delightful sensations experienced in the world of man—to whose honour it so much more redounds to have made Pity for himself, by the cultivation of reason in society, than to be born with it as an instinct, like that of self-preservation, from which it flows: to such a supposed intellectual state, be added the corporeal wants, of the food, and the raiment, and the dwellings to defend from weather, which men prepare, and no individual could supply—and, oh Heavens, what an object of affright is left! An ignorant and vicious mind, a naked and starving body, or kept from starving but by the roots and fruits of chance! A creature, infirm, dependent, helpless, and forlorn! whom the frost can stiffen, or the sun can scorch, to death! whom any beast, nay, an insect, or a blast of wind, has power to destroy! Go to, now, whoever thou art, contemplate thy hideous figure, but for the help of thy fellow-men! and then shew thy gratitude, by indulging in misanthropy; and thy wit, in a disinclination to do any thing for posterity, because it has never yet, forsooth—pleasant and deserving creature—done any thing for *Thee*!

Εὐς θανάτος γὰρ μάλιστα περὶ,

is a sentiment worthy only of such a wretch as he, who made in it the horrible improvement of—Εὐς ζωῆτος. Sueton. Nero. 38.

But let a *nobilissimus versus*, *gravissima sententia*, appear, to efface these horrors, and refresh our hearts! In one of Thomson's tragedies, an innocent character had by the tyrant been condemned

for the happiness of their offspring; or to help wishing for ability to promote that happiness—not in such a trifling affair as the pronounciation of syllables—all about “Sound, which

to a desolate island; from which having escaped, he relates to his friend the manner of his being carried thither, rowed in a boat by the tyrant’s myrmidons, who immediately left him to the horrors of solitude, and—improving on the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles—says,

Methinks,

All ruffians as they were, I never heard

A sound so dreadful as—their parting oars!

I know not if this be one of the tragedies in vogue at Drury-lane or Covent-garden; for I have ceased going to them, now that such more affecting tragedies are played elsewhere.

Tanto majores humana negotia ludi. Juv.

At Drury-lane and Covent-garden, useful and worthy citizens act in the feigned character of execrable villains, to a moral purpose; but at other theatres, execrable villains act in the feigned character of useful and worthy citizens, to a wicked purpose; so wicked a purpose, that they might tremble at

Vendidit hic auro patriam; dominumque potentem

Imposuit; fixit leges pretio, atque refixit;

Non, mihi si linguæ centum fuit, oraquæ centum,

Omnia pænarum percurrere nomina possum.

Virg.

But suppose the above thrilling thought of—“*A sound so dreadful as—their parting oars—all Ruffians as they were*”—to be spoken by an actor who should do it justice, and, if he did not “drown the stage in tears,” he would at least dress every eye in gems of—*Piety to Man*; for that is *Pity*—the same word; and he that is *pitiless* is—*impious*. What a different object this, for the contemplation of a misanthrope! This affecting triumph of philanthropy, this proof of the valuable materials of which men are made, the good earth of which they are composed*, should be sufficient to convert him!

* “Non, l’homme n’est pas fait pour la méchanceté.

“Consultez, écoutez pour juges, pour oracles,

which is only the vehicle of SENSE *,” and cannot so much affect their happiness, but—as essentially and transcendently as the authour of “EPIEA HITEPOENTA” is doing, while he is exciting the admiration and gratitude† of his contemporaries, for his great usefulness in his sublime doctrine of the philosophy of language, forming a new era in the literary world. For, what is of infinitely higher moment than the mispronunciation of *syllables*, which is but an error of the tongue, his doctrine shews us errors of the mind and judgment, to which we have been led by misconception of the meaning of *words* ‡, and, consequently, by dispelling ignorance,

him! The praises of Pity are beautifully expressed in the prologue to “*Douglas*,” thus—

Pity is the best,
The worthiest passion in the human breast;
For, when its sacred streams the heart o’erflow,
In gushes Pleasure, with the tide of Woe:
And when its waves retire, like those of Nile,
They leave behind them such a golden soil,
That there the Virtues without culture grow,
There the sweet blossoms of Affection blow.

* But the elegant authour from whose Analytical Essay these words are borrowed, adds, that “SOUND is what principally distinguishes the most brilliant poetry from the flattest prose:” And, without the *sounds* which just and nice discriminations of *quantity* produce, how brilliant any poetry can be, the reader, it is to be hoped, is by this time enabled to determine.

† One of his contemporaries, and who rejoices in being so, will express his gratitude in the words which were addressed to another ornament of letters—“Une des plus grandes obligations qu’un homme puisse avoir à un homme, c’est D’ETRE INSTRUIT; j’ai donc pour vous la plus tendre & la plus vive reconnaissance.”

‡ “How many are there (asks Mr. Locke) who when they would think on *things*, fix their thoughts only upon *words*?”—If then they do

“Les hommes rassemblés : voyez à nos spectacles,
“Quand on peint quelque trait de candeur, de bonté,
“Où brille, en tout son jour, la tendre humanité;
“Tous les cœurs sont remplis d’une volupté pure,
“Et c’est là qu’on entend le cri de la Nature”—cultivée.

ignorance, the great source of the misery, it will promote the happiness of man.

But this trifling affair of the pronunciation of syllables, though it has but little to do with happiness, is, like some other trifling affairs, not without its pleasure: and the youths of the present day, if they deign to read these arguments * for a proper pronunciation, may see, that; trifling as may be the affair, not only pleasure and beauty, but reason, consistency, intelligence, taste, grammar, utility †, nature, common sense, and facility ‡, conspire to recommend it. I am

do not know the meaning of words, it is much to be feared, that, however earnest they may be in their meditation, they will, in general, turn out, after all, to be but humble imitators of; and at an awful distance from, that prince of Gentoo philosophers, who sat for *forty years*, with his eyes fixed upon a wall, thinking upon—NOTHING.

* What matters it by whom arguments are set forth? If they are good, they will not fail to reach the mark they are aimed at; nor, to penetrate, but where prejudice has placed *obbar et æs triplex circa pectus*. Whereas assertion or testimony depends on character, and is therefore quite a different thing. Their difference has been well illustrated, in an ingenious figure, by lord Bacon; who says, as near as I recollect, that the latter is like an arrow from a long bow, the effect of which is in proportion to the strength of the arm that draws the string; but, that, argument is like an arrow shot from a cross-bow, the effect of which will be the same, by whatever impulse the trigger is moved, whether by that of a man or a mouse.

† A ready and exact knowledge of *quantity* is of the greatest utility in *Etymology*: which is so obvious, that it needs only to be mentioned, to be universally acknowledged.

‡ XAAEHA TA KAAA—so generally true—finds here an exception: since the recommended manner of reading—to which, as it consults the beauties, both in sense and sound, of the fairest offsprings of human genius, we may give the title—more justly than are sometimes given those “*visible signs of invisible merit*”—of the *beautiful manner*—is, at the same time, the easiest thing in the world.

The above-enumerated auxiliaries, which have entered the lists with us, form a very respectable and powerful band: but the enemy, despising such helps, greatly rests his claim to

am aware, indeed, of one reply to what I have urged, which, though it may be produced by truth, yet wisdom will never father, viz. that they have a contrary CUSTOM! Ah,

Quam multa injusta ac prava fiunt *Moribus* *—

"Till man's proud boast of Reason grows ridiculous!

I am likewise aware that some doughty champion of the learned body of recusants of the doctrine recommended here, might address me in somewhat of this gentle guise:

"Give me leave to tell you, sir, who come dragging from the dust and cobwebs the forgotten, musty doctrine of Meckerchus†;—who come in contradiction to the decisions

sovereignty—confiding in the *loyalty* of his troops—upon the sole assertion, and true assertion—if it were anything to the purpose—that in all disyllables the former was (by the wise law of primogeniture, it is to be presumed) distinguished by the ACCENT. Yet, how many thousands of human beings have been butchered for as idle claims! There will be no bloodshed, however, and very little inkshed, upon our field; for, having put in the best plea in my power to furnish for the establishment of my master's claim, I am ready, after his humble example—or I should be unworthy to be his disciple—"de mea sententia decedere, si quis certiora docuerit:"—always remembering the salutary maxim of the eloquent philosopher of Rome, with the truth of which I hope my reader will be impressed, that,—*Cujusvis hominis est errare; nullius, nisi insipientis, in errore perseverare*—assuring him, at the same time, that I can suppose, in the words of another able and candid writer, that a man may differ from me in opinion, without having either cloven feet or ass's ears.

* Les coutumes les plus absurdes, les étiquettes les plus ridicules sont sous la protection de ce mot—C'EST L'USAGE. C'est précisément ce même mot que répondent les Hottentots, quand les Européens leur demandent pourquoi ils mangent des sauterelles; pourquoi ils devorent la vermine dont ils sont couverts: Ils disent aussi—C'EST L'USAGE.

CHAMFORT.

† An ingenious work, which Mr. Dutens has given to the world, "*sur l'origine des découvertes attribuées aux modernes; où l'on démontre, que, les plus celebres philosophes ont puisé la plupart de leurs connoissances dans les ouvrages des Anciens*;"—abundantly proves that doctrines may lie in dust and cobwebs, and be to appearance dead, like their authours; but that they only wait the auspicious day of their revival.

of him, who was so justly called, *Vir egregius: Maximum Literarum Decus*: and *Criticos unus omnes longè longè antecellens*: who come with a confidence, as if you had been a contemporary and countryman of both Homer and Virgil; and were risen from the dead to teach the world the pure pronunciation of your fellow-citizens—as I believe Foster says of Vossius or Heninius—give me leave to tell you, that, you have very much mistaken in one point; as indeed you have in the whole of your little*, truly trifling affair; but the point I mean, is, your accusing us of want of harmony and modulation. Now, sir, I would have you to know, that not only can we *twang off* the dactyle and spondee at the end

* The writer is only afraid that it may be thought *too much*—on so very dry a subject; but which, with all its dryness, may, at the same time, to some readers, seem so clear, as to draw from them the application of an epigrammatic couplet of that poet who has made so many in his "*Love of Fame*"—

Learn'd Commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their Farthing-Candle to the Sun.

Not *too much* by a note or two which breathes of freedom, in its lamented wane; for, surely, between learning and the love of freedom, there is the most legitimate of all connexions§. If as much could have been said for the connexion of blasphemy, or nonsense, with religion, by which reason has been insulted, in a certain doctrine, it would have passed unnoticed.

But it shall be as little as the gentleman pleases—*parvum parva decent*—and it shall draw consolation for its littleness from—an emperour. "Εὖτε ἐν ολίγῳ πολλὰ δεῖχθῆναι παύτως αὐ καὶ παρὰ τῶν ἡττοτέρων εἶναι τὸ χρηστόν, ὃ Μὺς, τοῖς λειοῖσι τῷ μισθῷ σωσας, ἀρετῆως δεικνύσι."

Julian Epist. ad Georg.

Sic captum Mus Leonem sylvis reddidit.

Gudius.

Is it not then within the compass of possibility, that,

In System's snare, the Lion-Doctor laid,
May owe his freedom to a Mouse's aid?

§ If any one doubt it, let him ask Cicero or Dr. Parr.

of an hexameter—as your impertinent Italian termed it,—but that we can, and do, make a good modulation and harmony of the whole verse: a harmony that pleases our own ears*—for what sounds to us, sounds to us—and a much better and more natural harmony than yours. For we find more grace in our—Μηνιν αἰιδε, θῆα, Arma virumque cānō, and Tityre, tu patulē, than in your new-fangled, unheard of, θῆα, cānō, patulāē. Therefore we shall have nothing to do with your silly foreign vagaries, picked up from a pragmatistical, papistical priest. And—to cut the matter short—*Noluntus Stupiditates Angliæ mutari.*”

* Ισμετιαν δε, τον αριστον αυλητην, εκλευσεν Αλεξς αυλησαι· Θ αυμαζοντων δε των αλλων, αυλος ωμοσεν, ηδειον ακυειν τε ιππη χρημελιζοντος.

Plutarch.

CHAPTER IV.

I CAN the more easily suppose that the doctrine of Me-kerchus which I recommend, as far as it relates to Quantity, may be treated, as the reader has seen in the last chapter; because it has already been treated nearly in this manner, by the learned Wm. Primatt, M. A.—of the university of Cambridge*, it should seem: for his book was printed there in 1764, with the title of “*Accentus Redivivi*”—of which the reader will recollect that some mention has before been made.

“ Here

* That, once, ALMA MATER! who now shews herself such an Euripidean stepmother—*ιχιδης εδιν ηπιωμερα*—to her generous
sons,

“ Here I am naturally led (says Mr. Primatt, in his 157th page) to say something of the rhythm of poetry; which is of the same nature with that of prose: but then, I apprehend, neither the one nor the other arises merely from a due proportion in quantity, or, in other words, from a due assemblage of long and short syllables in a certain ratio; as some learned men have thought: and for this very obvious reason; that one essential difference between metre and rhythm consists in this; that metre has its times fixed, long and short and common; whereas rhythm—*ω; βυλίσαι ελκεσαι χρονος*—has the times more arbitrarily, so as frequently to make long syllables short, and short syllables long. And therefore though there be rhythmus in metre, and that often coinciding with quantity, (which is the case too in prose,) yet it likewise frequently differs from it; and you can hardly read a verse in Virgil or Homer in which the rhythm does not more than once break in upon the quantity, and seemingly to the ear change the nature of the syllables.

Itáliam fáto prófugus Lavínaque vénit—

Τόν δ'άπαμειβόμενος πρόσοφη πῶδας ἕκυσ Αχιλλεύς.

sons, the disdainers of that antiquated, unworthy, base French proverb—*Tout vray n'est pas bon à dire*—of which the old lady, in her dotage one would think, is, to the grief of her friends, and laughter of her foes, become disgracefully enamoured; and, by cockering the time-serving makers of pernicious* leasings, gives it to be understood, that, what was pursued *inter sylvas academi* as the chief object of science, and source of public happiness, is a piece of game, which is not, in her groves, any more than in her sister's, to be disturbed!

Alas, how changed from Her, whose favourite and magnanimous maxim was—

DICATUR VERITAS, RUAT CÆLUM!

* As folks, quoth Richard, prone to leasing,
Say things at first because they're pleasing;
Can prove what they have once asserted,
Nor care to have their lie deserted;
'Till their own dreams at length deceive them,
And, oft repeating, they believe them.

Prior.

I

I presume I shall have few dissenting from me when I say, that the most harmonious pronunciation of these verses is according to the *iſtus* or accents [by which Mr. Primatt, after his master Dr. Bentley, means the making a syllable long] as here marked; but who does not see at the same time, that the *a* in *Italian*, and the *o* in *profugus*, as again the two omicrons in *απαμειβομενος* and *προσοφν*, have such an extension of voice given them, as to be equal in time to the longest syllables in these verses? While the *I* in *Italian*, the *o* in *fata*, and the *o*; and *η* in *απαμειβομενος* and *προσοφν*, are proportionably contracted, to make up for the undue length of the others; that so the time or rhythm of the whole verse may be right, without regard being had to the quantity of every individual syllable. And yet *Adolphus Meckerchus* is pleased to find fault with the pronunciation of the former of these verses, because the quantity of some of the syllables is broke in upon, and, as he thinks, the rhythm or number of them is injured. His words are—*hac autem ineptissima pronuntiatione, quis non sentiat gravissimos horum versuum numeros ita frangi, ut si duos ultimos pedes excipias, versus videri non possent?*

“But let us see how he proposes to remedy this matter. Why, by reading every syllable according to its quantity. For so he goes on—*contra verò, si ita, ut par est, pronuntiaris—*

Italiām fatō prōfūgūs Lāvīnāquē vēnīt—

si hoc modo, inquam, pronuntiaris, servata syllabarum quantitate, etiam ut versus non d'geras in pedes, quis tamen apud et Deum non audiat, et suavissima horum versuum gravitate non capiatur?”

[An exposition of the absurdity of the manner in which “he goes on,” should naturally follow this specimen of it, held forth to us with disapprobation and contempt. But there is no such thing. Has the printer injured Mr. Primatt, by negligently omitting a paragraph; or, has Mr. Primatt injured himself? He proceeds thus:—]

“If *Vossius* is of the same opinion; and, mistaking rhythm for quantity, rather than his beloved numbers should be violated, he is sometimes for putting the *iſtus* or accent upon the last syllables of words [Oh, monstrous!] contrary to the

the Genius of the Latin Tongue, and is for indulging this latter with what we can hardly obtain for the Greek language (though the reason for it there is notorious) of reading one way in verse, and another way in prose; *Qua enim ratione musicis numeris astringi possint, Tityre, tu patulae recubans, &c. si patulae et recubans accentum habuerint in antepenultima, et pro anapesto fiat quodammodo dactylus? Quapropter omnino necesse est, ut aliter in prosa, aliter in carmine sonuisse vocabula**.

"But if any one can really be delighted with such harmony as this, *Tityre, tu patulae, &c.—Arma virumque tanò, &c.* even let him enjoy his pleasure; I believe few will envy him;

Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Mævi!"

It may here be proper to inform my readers, that Mekerchus shewed his work in manuscript to the learned CASTALIO, and to other friends; and that they pressed him to publish it—*"diclitantes renascenti linguae Græcæ hac ratione non parvum succursum iri.* Now learned man for learned man, it may be thought (and no dispraise to either) that the authority of CASTALIO, were it put into the scale, would be no more likely to kick the beam, than the authority of Mr. PRIMATT.

But as Mr. Primatt has, in regard to metrical matters, advanced nothing here to which I have not before adverted; it may be sufficient barely to parry the contempt, which—before he could know, by a due examination of the subject, if it was deserved—he too hastily—forgetting the salutary Sophoclean maxim of *ἔρρονεν ταχέως οὐκ ἀσφαλείς*—casts upon other people: and that I trust will be done by informing the reader, that so consummate a master, is this Master of Arts, of Metre, and of Rhythm; and so exquisitely qualified is he, by his ear and judgement, to decide authoritatively upon all matters appertaining to them; that he tells us—speaking of a language which utterly disclaims the Greek and Latin laws of Position; and does not yet happen to be a dead one—he tells us, that the penultimates of—*niggardly, quarrelsome, contrary, discontent, disallow, recollect*—are, all LONG! Nay, if you

* This idea of *aliter in prosa aliter in carmine*, except as to a short syllable's becoming long on account of pause, is too destitute of foundation to lose time in arguing upon.

will not believe *me*, behold *his own* words, faithfully transcribed from the twentieth page of his preface: "In our own language, nothing is more common than to have polysyllable words run in dactylic rhythms, though their penultimates be LONG *; as—*niggardly*, *quarrelsome*, *contrary*; and sometimes like anapests, as—*discontent*, *disallow*, *recollect*."

But

* An authority indeed for Mr. Primatt's elegant manner of measuring ONE of these words—though *one* out of six is but a poor proportion!—may be found in an old song; which we have all sung formerly, and which may still perhaps by *some* of us continue to be sung:

"Mistress Mary,
Quite contrary,
"How does your garden grow?"

"Ταῖο τοι ἀνι̑ ποδος ξεινηιον, ου̑ ποῖ̑ ἐδωκας

"Ανι̑θεω̑ Οδυσση̑ †"

ταῖ̑ ἡ̑, the renowned Ambassador of Flanders; and the Cowheel, is the *Bavins* and *Mævius* you have thrown so wantonly at the head of that *Excellency*, whose literary shoe-latchet, no barbarous Dr. Dedocendus of you all is worthy to unloose! But he cannot now, coming to us in spirit, be made to suffer a second death, upon this his second embassy, deputed, not from the states of the Low Countries, but from those of the summits of Parnassus. And with great propriety and truth, was such a man, while he dwelt among us in the flesh, the representative of a community, rather than of an individual: for, in a community, learning, goodness, wisdom, and virtue, may—if they are upon earth—most certainly be found. But where, in the age in which he lived—when the brutal Henry was applying without mercy, the halter, the axe, and the faggot here, to the innocent people, by providence, it is said, committed to his charge; and the monster, Charles, amused himself, at the windows of his palace, with shooting them like rats at Paris;—where was the individual sovereign to be found, who—in the great erudition, in the engaging humility, in the benevolence of heart, and in the tenderness of affection, of such a representative—would not have been belied! Yet, you, Mr. Primatt,—more offensively than if you had styled him *one*

† See *Odysses* τ 299. and x 290.

But the angry champion of the recusants of the doctrine recommended—who seems to say so emphatically to its re-

Mekerchus, or, a certain Mekerchus—you have qualified him as capable of admiring, and of wondering at, the “scrannel-pipe” of a *Bavins* or *Mevius*, “with a foolish face of praise!” How much more becoming would it have been, to treat him, as the good *Eumæus* did his *unknown master*, who visited him as a stranger? But you, in your superior knowledge to the Flemish stranger, visiting us like a deity in the disguise of a poor and mean appearance *—for you met him, I suppose, as I did, in a tattered, diminutive,

* He who could say—“*Non recuso HUMILIS, ABJECTUS, et INGLORIVS haberi, modo PULICE presim*, despised all outward show, all bribed or borrowed pomp or ornament, and trusted, as wise men will ever trust, to what alone can win approbation from the wise, he trusted to *INHERENT* good qualities; apprized of that truth, which has, since his time, been expressed as well as it ever was before it, (except perhaps by Epictetus, in his Golden Fragment†,) and—by one of an order in which it would have been scarcely looked for—by one of our own noble lords; who says, that,

The borrowed Pomp, the armed array,
Fear, Want, and Impotence betray—
Strange proofs of Power Divine!

EARL NUGENT.

† Χαριῦντις, ἐφ’ ἣν, εἰτιχ οἱ μὲν φρονεῖν ἐπι τοῖς ἐκ ἐφ’ ἡμῖν. Ἐγὼ σὲ, φησι, κρείττω εἰμι· ἀφ’ ἧς γὰρ ἔχω πολλὰς, σὺ δὲ λιμῶ παραλίην. Ἄλλος λείψι, Ὑπαλίκος εἰμι. Ἄλλος; Ἐπίτοπος ἔσθ. Ἄλλος, ἐγὼ ἔλα; τριχὰς ἔχω. Ἴππο; δ’ ἰππῶ ἔλπει, κρείττω εἰμι σὲ, πολλὰ γὰρ κελήματι χίλοι, καὶ κριθὰς πολλὰς, καὶ χαλινὸι μοι εἰσι χεῦτοι, καὶ ἐφιππία ποικίλα· ἀλλ’ οἱ μυχύκερος σὺ εἰμι. Καὶ σὺαν ζῶσι κρείττω καὶ χεῖροι ἐσὶν ἐκ τῆς αὐτῆς ἀρετῆς καὶ κακίας. Ἀρ’ ὅν Ἀνθρώπων μοι ἀρετὴ ἐκ ἐσὶν, ἀλλὰ δὲ ἡμᾶς εἰς τριχὰς ἀφορᾶν, καὶ ἡμᾶς, καὶ παππῆς; κ. τ. λ.

Pretty fellows, indeed, said he, who strut and swell, and boast themselves of any but *inherent* good qualities! I am better than thou, cries one; I, fed from the produce of much land, while thou art extenuated with hunger! Give place, exclaims another, to a man of consular dignity! A third vaunts himself a man of authority, with all its airs, from delegated power. And a fourth, because, forsooth, he has fine curled locks, seems, by the tossings of his head, to call out,

recommender, as was of old said by Authority to Argument, "Dost Thou teach Us!"—complains of the injustice done to himself and his brethren, in their being accused of want of modulation and harmony. To this complaint, an answer

diminutive, and squalid vestment!—a very small and thin quarto, suffering, like most other things, from time—You thought it beneath you to imitate the humble courtesy of an honest swineherd, though a royal officer. No; you must become, forsooth, a *Cleippus*,—a SUITOR!—a suitor for favours—which you have fairly won!

I could not avoid—in my admiration, in my veneration, of a character, on which—though it surely demands respect, at the least, respect, Mr. Primatt, from every scholar—you have let yourself loose, in a very *unmeasured* and *unbridled* manner—nor in duty to you, good Mr. Primatt, I could not avoid giving you this warning note: for I can assure you, that, I am by no means a *quærrèl'some* fellow, but quite the *contrary*, as—true disciple of my master, ET AMICO FRATER ET HOSTI—I should at any time be glad to testify, in shaking you by the hand: and I defy any one to *recollèct*, that, I ever shewed an envious *discontent* at, or was so *niggardly* as to *disallow* the praise of another man's merits; or to suffer them to be *disallowed*, to my knowledge, without exerting myself in their vindication. To prevent such *disallowances*—which disturb society—the Athenians wisely imagined and executed a statue of the Goddess of Retribution, with a *measure* in one hand, and a *bridle* in the other; which was placed in one of the most frequented spots of their city, with the following explanation on the pedestal; that, by even the least informed of that very ingenious and literary community, it might not be misunderstood:

Η ΝΕΜΕΙΣ; ΠΡΟΛΟΓΕΙ, ΤΩ ΠΗΚΕΙ, ΤΩ ΤΕ ΧΑΛΙΝΩ,
ΜΗ' ΑΜΕΤΡΟΝ ΤΙ ΠΟΙΕΙΝ, ΜΗ' ΑΧΑΙΝΑ ΛΕΙΒΕΙΝ.

Come, and admire me! But the horse says not to the horse, I am better than thou, because I have acquired good pastures or much corn, because my bridles are of the most pretious metal, and my trappings variously embroidered; but, I am better, in that usefulness which constitutes the excellence of our nature, I am better than thou in STRENGTH and SWIFTNESS. Nor can any creature, of any kind, be better or worse than another, but by the good or bad qualities inherent in it. What then, shall Man, of all the creatures, be that alone, which has no good qualities that are properly his own! And shall we, instead of acquiring them, be taken up with the constant contemplation of that merit, which we derive from our hair, our robes, our garters, our grandfires, or our gold!

must

must, before we conclude, be given; and such a one, as, it is to be hoped—for it shall not be long—will not tend to increase his anger: but which anger, after all, may only be, perhaps, assumed; as the first pretence which offered itself to evade the challenge to a better way of reading; and the real feelings of these heroes concerning it, may very possibly be the same with those of some antient heroes, concerning another challenge; when it was said that they—

Αἰδεσθῆν μὲν ἀνῆνασθαι, δεισαν δ' ὑποδεχθαι—

“Blushed to refuse, and to accept it feared.”

POPE.

But be that as it may, it is to be desired, that, rather than provoke his spleen,

Counsel or Consolation we may bring,
Salve to his sores; apt words have power to swage
The tumours of a troubled mind,
And are as balm to fettered wounds.

SAM. AGON.

Harmony, then, the gentleman will allow me to say, may perhaps be partly arbitrary, and partly natural. Every nation has perhaps a harmony or music of its own, with which, from habit, it is pleased; though it may not please others: and so far it is arbitrary. But there are certain kinds of harmony or music which please at once, and without distinction, all the world; and thus it is natural. So perhaps in all the arts, there may, from the same principle, be an absolute Graceful, and a Graceful of Convention; a natural and an arbitrary taste. Thus in the art of reading poetry, he may make a harmony of his own; as I know he does; for I used to do it myself; just as the gentleman has described it—what sounded to me sounded to me—until I left the making of sounds for me to the poet; who I now think has vastly the better knack at it of the two.

But this pleasure, such as it is, of his arbitrary harmony—making, as he may think, the bell to clink—must be very inconstant and incomplete: nay, must indeed be quite

annihilated, if he be ever thrown out—of the only tune he can sing. And thrown out he must be, we have seen, whenever he neglects to make an elision, or meets with a string of dissyllables, as—*Ibam forte; Vade age nate voca*; as well as in *Εὐδὲ φαν;* *Νεφέλη γέφυρα Ζην;* *vituli pede pressis; dulce decus meum; procul negotiis; &c.* and numberless other such instances must occur throughout all the poets. Now, as he is a wise and learned man, he should be consistent: and the *old new system*—here courting his acceptance—simply to pronounce every long syllable, long, and every short one, short; simply to let the poet make the harmony for us, by reading his compositions according to the quantities in which he wrote them; and which the learned gentleman suffers Dryden* and Pope to do

* With what ease, and with what propriety, does the gentleman vary his modulation with the various measures in the polymetrical ode of Dryden's, called, *Alexander's Feast*? And what constitutes the variety of measure, but the various arrangement of the varieties in the quantities of syllables?

At the mention of this exquisite morsel of Dryden's—for exquisite it is when properly recited—one cannot but lament, that it is shorn of its beams, when sung to the music to which it is at present set, though set by the great Handel. But he unfortunately knew but little of our language, and less of our poetry.—“So should Desert in arms be crowned;”—*Desert in arms* is but one species of desert; for which, perhaps, the word *valour* might be employed; but this specific merit, by a pause in the music after the word *desert*, is completely cut in two and nonsensified.—“With flying fingers touched the lyre,”—and an argument of the performer's mastery in his art it was, that he *could* touch it “with flying fingers;” on which word, “flying,” therefore, the sense requires that some emphasis should be laid; but by the lengthened notes on “fingers,” the composer seems to have thought, that, at other times, Timotheus might have touched it with his toes. And—to mention no more—“Revolving in his altered soul;”—a beautiful and strong proof of the “mighty Master's” consummate skill, by which he *could alter affections in his bearer's soul* and therefore the word “altered,” in this verse should be distinguished: but the notes, without any particular regard to “altered,” are so emphatic upon “soul,” that it seems as if Handel supposed the hero—for, what cannot heroes do!—might

do for him—and even Milton too—though he denies it to their masters; this *old new system*, I say, *simplex curtaxat. et unum**—supplies a pleasure for ever consistent and constant; from that very simplicity of manner, which affords a beautiful

revolve ideas in his elbow, or his heel, or rather—in his *belly*. Whereas, like the tuneful notes of *the perfect reciter* of poetry—though the pleasures are of a different kind—

“*The perfect Singer's* tuneful notes dispense
“The charms at once of Music and of Sense.”

* Non potest nisi UNUM esse VERUM; secundum verum veterem quem citat Aristoteles—

Εσθλον μεν γαρ απλως, πανηαδαπως δε κακον.

Mekerchus.

Since the greatest part of these sheets were printed off, I have, by the mediation of a friend, had the pleasure of a communication with Adolphus Meetkerke, esq. of Julians, near Buntingford, in Hertfordshire, the sixth of the name, and fifth descendant in a direct line from his great progenitor, Sir Adolphus Meetkerke, the ambassadour of Flanders; and who has been pleased to enable me to correct an error I was led into by one of the books I consulted for the account which is in the first sheet given of that illustrious scholar.

Sir Adolphus was not buried in St. Paul's, but in the church of St. Botolph, Aldersgate; and, at the rebuilding of that church, his monument, which had on it the inscription that has been seen, was conveyed to the family-seat at Julians, but too much damaged in the taking down and the removal to be again erected.

Mr. Meetkerke is in possession of, among others, a very valuable relique of his ancestors in a folio MS. of Greek and Latin poetry by Sir Adolphus; with additions by his son Adolphus, who died without issue, and by his son Edward, D. D. of Christchurch-college, Oxford, professor of Hebrew in that university, and prebendary of Winchester: which MS. the possessor of it may perhaps at a future day permit to be published—should prejudice be now more inclined than it was two centuries ago to give way to the recommended prosodic doctrine, and to let the character of its authour, a restorer of the Greek language, rise to the level due to it in the republic of letters.

variety

variety in its exercise; and a pleasure more or less complete, as the rhythmus of the verse shall be susceptible of greater or less harmony; for of *some* harmony must every verse be susceptible—or it ceases to be a verse.

Now, making my bow to this gentleman, whom I shall scarcely persuade* to relinquish his Acrons, and turning my-

* Οὐ γὰρ πείσεις, εὐδ' ἔν πεισή. ARISTOPH.

who says too, that,

Οὐποτέ ποινῆς τὸν κακὸν οὐδὲ βαλίζειν.

Quæ est autem in hominibus tanta perversitas, ut, *invenitis*
frugibus GLANDE vescantur!

If many of my readers—for the book which can make *all* its readers do what would be pleasing to him from whom it proceeds, is yet to come—whence, is not known—for it has not been effected by the book from Heaven—if many of my readers should, like this gentleman, remain unconvinced, from prejudice “preferring that which is known to be wrong, before that which is seen to be right,” I must console myself from Martial and from Buffon. The former said, in beautiful Phaleucian measure—murdered by us like other measures—

Me raris juvat auribus placere—

—but do try, reader—just to oblige me once at parting—if you cannot contrive to pronounce the syllables *ris* and *bus*, *not short*, and *ju*, *not long*; you will be recompensed in the sweetness of its running—

Mē rārīs jūvāt aūrībūs plācērē!—

And the latter told Herault de Sechelles—“*Il vaut mieux d'être compris d'un petit nombre d'intelligents; et leur suffrage seul vous dédommage de n'être point compris par la multitude.*” To shew that there is no singularity in this consoling idea, may be added to it, from Cleanthes Stoicus, in a most happily chosen motto*, the

Ολίγοις

* The motto to the Dissertation upon the Siege of Troy:

Μη πρὸς δοξάν ὄρα, θέλων σοφὸς αἰψὰ γενέσθαι·

Μηδὲ φρεσὶ πολλῶν ἀχρήστοι καὶ αἰαδίστα θυμοί.

Οὐ

myself to the reader who is open to conviction, I shall leave it to be determined by the latter, whether—setting aside the absurdities and murders it commits—the arbitrary, inconsistent, and uncertain scheme of reading, or the restricted, simple, and constant one, be most consonant to na-

—Ολιγοῖς δὲ παρ' ἀνδρασι τῆς κεν ευροῖς.

With Cleanthes and his quoter, seems to have thought another very estimable character—Fletcher of Saltoun—(for a striking portrait of whom we are indebted to the masterly hand of lord Buchan)—who in one of his speeches says—“ Prejudice and opinion govern the world, to the great distress and ruin of mankind; and though we daily find men so rational as to charm us, by the disinterested rectitude of their sentiments in all other things; yet when we touch upon any opinion with which they have been early prepossessed, we find them more irrational than any thing in nature: and not only, not to be convinced; but obstinately resolved, not to hear any reason against it. These prejudices are yet stronger when they are taken up by great numbers of men; who confirm each other through the course of several generations, and seem to have their blood tainted, or, to speak more properly, their animal spirits influenced by them.”

But I should not wonder, if some such gentlemen, as that with whom I have been holding an argument, should, by improving on his censure, in adding to it hard names, make me have recourse to the following defence, which, with the change of a word, I find prepared by an excellent writer of defences;

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient Quantity,
When strait a barbarous noise environs me
Of Owls and Cuckoos, Asles, Apes, and Dogs:
As when those hinds that were transformed to frogs
Railed at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee;
And this is got—by casting Pearl to Hogs!

Οὐ γὰρ πλεῖστοι ἔχει συνέτην κρίσιν, ἔδε δίκαιαν,
Οὐδὲ καλὴν· Ολιγοῖς δὲ παρ' ἀνδρασι τῆς κεν ευροῖς.

Cleanthes Stoicus, apud Clem. Alexand. l. v. p. 655.

ture*. On one point, I am sure, he cannot hesitate to decide, viz. that he who makes long what she makes short, and *vice versa*, must act in direct opposition to her.

I wish therefore to persuade my ingenuous youthful readers—persuaded as I am myself, from experience, of its amply rewarding them with pleasure—to improve, with all other charms, the charms of their recitation in particular,

* To obviate cavils upon—what has caused so many—the term *nature* or *natural*, as applied to language, the writer begs leave to say, that, he uses it but in the sense of what might perhaps be nearly as well expressed by *custom*. As language was prior to grammar or prosody, which are only observations on it, its pronunciation was settled, except in a few arbitrary words, by custom; which, in that respect, he calls its nature; and we have seen how closely custom and nature are allied. From the nature of their speech, the Greeks and Romans made every syllable long, whose vowel, however short in itself, preceded more than a single consonant—with the exception of its being common before a mute followed by a liquid—and which grew with them into the prosodic law of *position*. But so different is the nature of our speech, and of that of all our neighbours, that it utterly disclaims this law of position; or rather, from its nature, it cannot receive it. In our own language we have syllables which are short, as we have seen, where the vowel precedes no less than four consonants. Were we to do by our word *constrain*, as we do by every Greek and Latin iambus, convert it to a trochee, it would sound to us like the participle present *construing*. In some of the more northern tongues, there are, I believe, short syllables in which the vowel precedes as many as half a dozen consonants, or more. It was the nature of the Latin language, that, the word *orator* should be pronounced, before a vowel, an antibacchius, as *constringe*; and, before a consonant, a molossus, as *constringunt*: it is the nature of the French language, that the same word should be pronounced anapest; and the nature of ours that it should be a dactyle; from changes of which the origin has been traced. And to this nature, all speakers of living languages must conform, as of course the Greeks and Romans did, under the penalty of pain and trouble—the usual attendants upon aberration from nature—the pain of being ridiculous, and the trouble to explain their meaning.

according

according to this advice of an ingenious young poet, *quæ
ostenderunt terris tantum fata :*

Improve by Nature's charms your own;
And copy that in which alone

All Nature's charms agree:
'Tis no quaint puzzling trick, to teach
Grimace, in attitude or speech;
It is———SIMPLICITY.

J. H. BEATTIE.

POSTSCRIPT.

JUST as the preceding Dissertation was going to the press, a friend put into my hand an Essay which I had not seen before, "*On the Prosodies of the Greek and Latin Languages.*" I opened it eagerly, with the hope of being instructed by it on my subject; but was greatly disappointed, upon being presently told by the authour, that—"the design of his Essay was to explain in what manner pronunciation is to be governed by *Accents*:" which, alas! has nothing in common with the design of this trifling affair, to explain in what manner pronunciation is to be governed by *Quantity*.

After having perused it, however, I felicitated myself (not indeed upon being better enabled by it than I was before to give "Accent, so as not to be destructive of quantity but subservient to it;" but) that I had written upon a subject

Q

which

which would at least be more easily as well as generally understood: since my readers will quickly be able to determine whether we ought to read according to *quantity* or not; and there will be an end of the matter. Not so with the writers on *accent*: amongst whom there are very violent variations of the compass: no end is seen—"Alps on Alps arise!" For, the Essayist, speaking very respectfully of the "*Accentus Redivivi*" of our old friend, Mr. Wm. Primatt, says, that it is "a work of great labour and considerable talents, in which, however, a critical knowledge of the history of Accents is united with—a most erroneous theory of the effect of them in pronunciation:" and that the principles upon which the scheme offered by him (the Essayist) stands, "are *diametrically opposite* to the opinions advanced by Mr. Primatt," whom he yet qualifies as "a learned writer." In another place he says, concerning one of their differences, "these, of all Mr. P's authorities are, in the first aspect, the most imposing. But when critically examined, they amount to—Nothing." And in his 151st page he sharpens his accent to such a pitch as to say upon one of Mr. P's notions—"Nothing can be more absurd!"

Whether Mr. P. will retaliate in the same key, I know not: but I know that he may do so, and with interest, upon notions of the Essayist, which have an indisputable title to the honour conferred upon his own. For, such rational directions for reading by Accent is this Essayist qualified to give, as (in p. 6,) to doubt whether "*circumflexion* be a different thing from *acuteness*;"—to assert, that the *grave* consists merely in a *negation* of *acuteness*; that, "the acute is the only *positive* tone;" (as if there could be *negative* tones;) and again (p. 10,) "the acute therefore appears in truth to be the only accent or tone, properly so called, the grave being merely a negation of acuteness;" and, in the same page, tells us with approbation, that, "the Halicarnassian says, that the *circumflex* was a mixture of the *grave* with the *acute*." But the Halicarnassian is not represented as saying that the grave is merely a negation of acuteness. Now—with such a pretious notion of the MIXTURE of a thing WITH ITS NEGATION!—the Essayist is to be felicitated—that he is not under the hands of

of that acute reviewer of "*Hermes*," who has held out a negation to positive, and to inextinguishable, laughter: for,

That charm shall last, when what of Nonsense rings
Silent goes down with unregarded things.

A *Pendant*, to match that pretious notion which cannot be exceeded, of the mixture of a thing with its negation, strikes us with admiration as we advance in our Essayist's Cabinet of Curiosities: for, in his 83d page, he says—what proclaims a happy talent for etymology—that, "in a *Diphthong*, the sound was as much ONE, as the sound of a SINGLE vowel. But yet that one sound was not the sound of any one of the SIMPLE vowels."

Now surely Reason requires that the first and most indispensable business of a writer who professes to teach, should be, to convince the understanding: instead of which, this teacher, choosing to write in a different, if not a new, manner, requires the resignation of the understanding to the authority of his written word; proceeding precisely upon the principle of him, who promulgated a doctrine that must be long remembered by every Englishman, that, "*The People have nothing to do with the Laws but to OBEY them.*" For it is impossible that he could so have written, unless he was of opinion, that, *His Readers have nothing to do with his Rules but to BELIEVE them*: forgetting, that (except indeed in religious establishments) it is absolutely necessary, that the people should, at least, UNDERSTAND, before they can either believe or obey—the Cavalry acts, or any other.

But—not to dwell upon such things as *aut incuria fudit, aut humana parum cavit natura*—though indeed where nothing can be said to shine, but by negation of the destruction of Quantity—let us look for a moment at—what he must have maturely weighed—the grand rule of the Essayist, and an exemplification of the first part of it. His grand rule—by which "pronunciation is to be governed by Accent," and by which we are to arrive, since "the case is by no means desperate," at that "*some way*" which the ancients had of "giving Accent so as not to be destructive of Quantity but subservient to it"—his grand rule is, "first, to give every one of the vowels and of the diphthongs its *true power*, in its proper place; and,

secondly, to pay a critical attention to the effects of the fundamental rules of Accent, upon the tones of words in connection." After giving this grand rule, he proceeds with great goodness to describe its *true power* in each of the vowels and diphthongs. His description of the true power of the *o micron*, without the objections which may be made to some of his descriptions, is as follows:—" *O micron*. This vowel is naturally short, but capable of being lengthened by position. Its natural short power is that of *o*, in the English words, *consequence, comedy, common*." The acute accent, he tells us, "is a sharp stroke of the voice upon some one syllable of the word;" and, that, "its natural tendency, contrary to the prejudice of the English ear, is to shorten the syllable upon which it falls." The word *πρωτότοκος*, accented upon the antepenultimate, signifies *the first born child of the same parents*; but *πρωτότοκος*, accented upon the penultimate, signifies *a woman or any female after her first delivery*. The Essayist, I have already observed to his credit, says, that, Quantity is never to be destroyed by Accent; the measure, therefore, of this word, however accented, and standing by itself, is that of a first peon, as the English word, *nugatory*.

Mr. Primatt produces, we are told, the two words in question, with this remark—"I may defy any body to vary the accent in these two words without affecting the quantity at the same time." To which our Essayist triumphantly replies—"We defy any one to affect the quantity at all, by a variation of the accent, so long as he preserves the true quantity of the *o micron* in both syllables. Let the proper short power of it be preserved in both places, and it will be perfectly indifferent to the quantity of the syllables, on which of the two the acute accent may be laid."

Now then (to exemplify) in the pronunciation of this word when variously accented, we are, if we can, to do, what must still be called—*notwithstanding* we have been so well instructed in the *true power* of the *o micron*—a most difficult and most extraordinary thing; as every one who shall try at it, and I hope every reader will, must be convinced: for we are, not, as an ordinary man would think, *by the context of our discourse*, but we are, by a sharp stroke—not, again, of a fiddle, but of the human voice—we are *by a sharp stroke of the voice upon*
the

the accented syllable which shall not affect the quantity, to distinguish to a hearer, whether it be a mother or a child we mean *!

If

* Πρωτοτοκος—though we see it is the humour to make two words of one; contrary to that on diphthongs, of making one sound of two—Πρωτοτοκος, with whatever accent, is evidently but one and the same word; and might be translated, *firstfruit*; i. e. offspring (being of its parents the) *firstfruit*; female (having yielded her) *firstfruit*; and, had our language the idiom of applying the term *firstfruit* to such an offspring and such a female, with what perfect readiness (supposing a proper context) would those parenthesized ellipses, or the sense of them, be supplied by the mind of the hearer, as other ellipses are by us, and were doubtless by the Greeks, who abounded in them?

Had Homer, for instance, in describing, at the beginning of the 17th book of the Iliad, the solicitude of Menelaus lest the Trojans should possess themselves of the dead body of Patroclus, only said of him, that, he goes round about it *ὡς τις ὄρε' ἀσπασσάμενος πρωτοτοκος κούρη*; there is manifestly no more need of an accent, to shew, that, *πρωτοτοκος*, with such a context, *must* mean, and can only mean, a *cow* that never had a calf before, than of the additional and redundant words, *μήνη δ' ὄρεν ἰδύμεν τοιοῖο*.

Is it by *Accent*, pray now, or by the context, that, in our own language, we distinguish to a hearer what we mean by, *abandoned*, *obnoxious*, *letter*, *license*, *mother*, *dam*, *pen*, *mast*, *spray*, *stay*, even *accent* itself (so miserably have we abused it!) and innumerable words, of significations as totally different, if not as diametrically opposite, as the notions of our accentual combatants, in their nugatory contest about that "*some way*" of reading, which was before made intricate enough, and now seems just about as easy to be ascertained, as the exact notes of the *Phœnix*, or of the *singing swans* of the Simois and Scamander?

That the Essayist can make the distinctions, which he gives us to understand he does, in the variously accented *πρωτοτοκος*, I am willing to believe; because I am unwilling to tax him with imposture. As he may find, like the gentleman I was holding an argument with in the last chapter, that, "what sounds to him, sounds to him," though he may not convince any one else, he may be himself convinced—for, alas! we are none of us deficient in the skill of self-deceit—that he has attained that most extraordinary and surprizing skill of pronunciation. But for my own part, I must confess, that, were I an inhabitant of a certain eastern island, to a likeness of which this western one is hastening, and the

If thou canst do that, my good reader,

I nunc, *Accentus tecum meditare canoros,*

and be happy; as I should, had the lot been mine; for to all the advantages, of sense and spirit and melody, to be derived from a strict observance of Quantity, I should yet truly rejoice (could I attain it) to add the embellishment of Accent. If thou canst not do it, what wilt thou say of our teacher?—that he may “easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow his own teaching?” If that be all—Thou art a good-natured soul! And there we will let the matter rest: for I have not undertaken to review *all* its beauties. I only thought that the reader of a new publication upon Prosody would naturally expect, that, of an Essay upon, though employed chiefly in a different part of, the same subject, to which it had so soon succeeded, some little notice should be taken.

That natural expectation of the reader having been provided for, it remains only, that his good-nature, which will as naturally have been hurt by the diametrically opposite assertions of our doughty desiers, should, in a change of scene, be gratified with an exhibition of them in a more peaceable disposition. It would indeed be unkind to defraud him of the pleasure of knowing, that, in that Essay, an article at last appears, on which these before so widely-differing Doctors—of which one, at least, must evidently be *totâ errans viâ*—agree to be for once, as they think, both in the right, and are seen even hand in hand!—an article, it fortunately happens, on which he is competent to judge—though no more initiated than I in Accentual Mysteries—with how much humanity

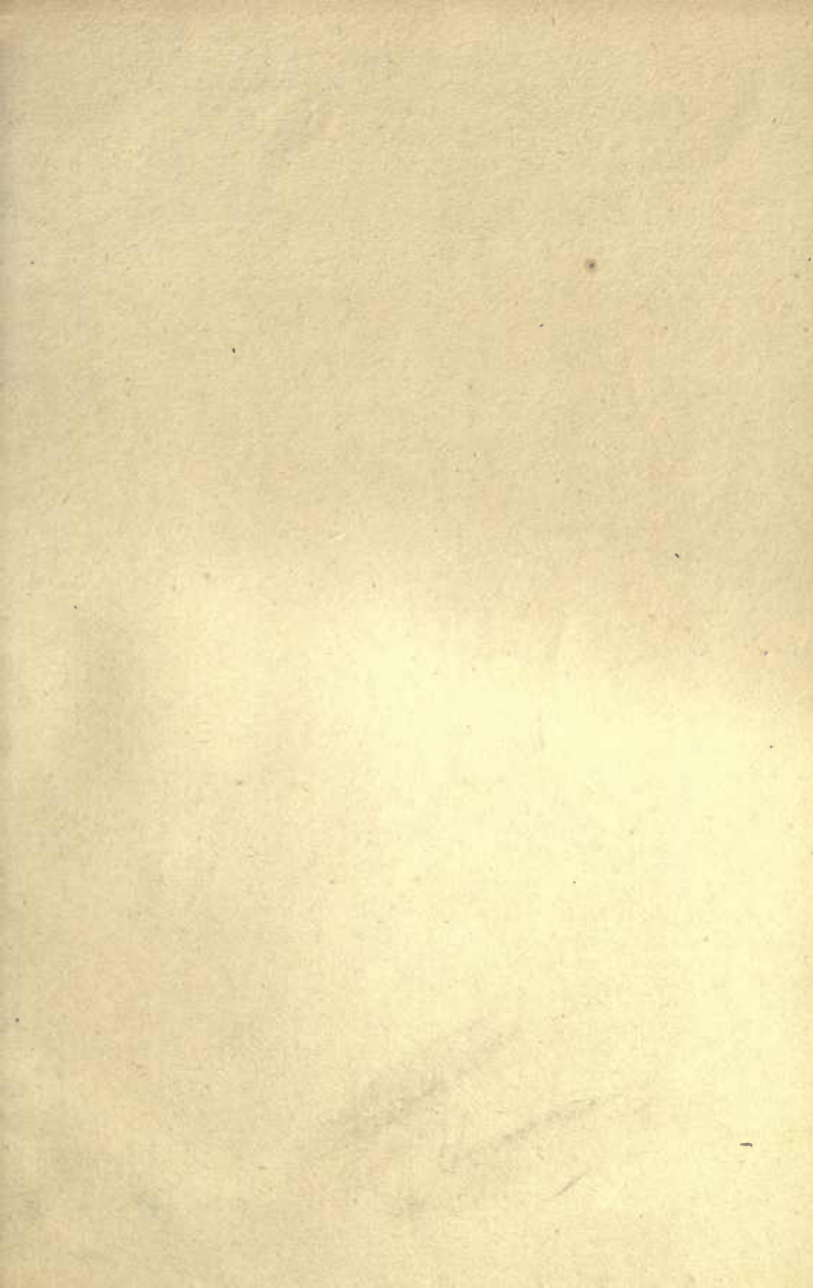
the Terrorists, who have the power of it, were, for their amusement, to condemn me to die upon a given day, if I did not make the distinctions of the Essayist in the pronounciation of *απεροτερος*, or produce a box of *Upas* gum, of my own fetching; I should naturally, instead of again attempting at what, after many vain efforts, I am convinced I cannot attain, take the least bad of the chances for my life, and set out upon that progress to the terrific Tree, of which Dr. Darwin makes us tremble by the sublimity of his description.

as well as wisdom they have made their peace; cutting up a most estimable character, branding intelligence with folly, to ratify the deed by sacrifice. It is an article in the quotation which he has so lately read from Mr. Primatt. In that quotation he will recollect, that, the learned writer, speaking of that estimable character, shews disapprobation and contempt of the manner in which “he goes on,” without favouring us with any argument in support of his disapprobation and contempt: for, I believe, that the sum of what he says upon the subject can be construed into no more of argument, indeed, than this—“I dont like it; therefore it must be wrong; and Bentley says so too.” The reader will likewise recollect, that the recommender of the doctrine of Quantity from Mekerchus, has by no means recommended to him to read verses as if he were scanning them: so far from it, the reader has been told that it would ruin every thing; and that he is no more to read, as if he were scanning it, a verse of Homer than a verse of Pope. Indeed the provident spirit of Mekerchus, forestalling an objection which the novelty of his doctrine of quantity might excite in inconsiderate people, has in the following words precluded it from the being used by such as are attentive to his doctrine and not destitute of candour. “*Si hoc modo pronuntiariis, servata syllabarum quantitate, ETIAM UT VERSUS NON DIGERAS IN PEDES, quis tamen apertè et Deo non audiat, et suavissima horum versuum gravitate non capiatur?*” The saying therefore—if recourse should be had to it in lack of argument—that, the manner of reading by Quantity, which Mekerchus endeavoured to introduce, is rather a scanning of the verse than a reading of it, would betray itself, by its incorrectness, to be the dictate of prejudice or ignorance. This short prologue being made—Enter our Eteocles and Polynices, like the two kings of Brentford, smelling to one nosegay, made up of the doctrine and the praises due to it, which the one has adopted from the other!—for, in the 153d page of the Essay we find the following words:—“As for that manner of reading by Quantity, which Mekerchus and H. Vossius endeavoured to introduce, which was rather a scanning of the verse than a reading of it, Mr. Primatt very justly ridicules and condemns it.”

I must beg permission just to add, that, though in the art of reading by Accent, I am not so fortunate as to receive *Instruction*—and should much wonder if any one else receives it—from the rules of this Essay; I cannot be so ungrateful as to take my leave of it, without acknowledging that I received indeed much *Entertainment*—one part, at least, if the other was denied, of the *Duplex Libelli Dos*—from what precedes those rules: where the modest Essayist, without the smallest affectation or vanity, dedicates to a most respectable nobleman with “MY DEAR LORD,” and subscribes himself his “FRIEND:”—who “wishes to be concealed,” yet throws out “an acknowledgement which *perhaps* may betray him”—*Et fugit ad falices*:—who is fearful of being suspected of forming even a wish for his country—“*Were I to form a wish for my country!*”—and assures us, that, if he did rashly venture so far; it should be merely, that, MY DEAR LORD, HIS FRIEND, might be again IN OFFICE:

“True sings the Bard, well known to Fame,
“SELF-LOVE AND SOCIAL ARE THE SAME.”

FINIS.





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